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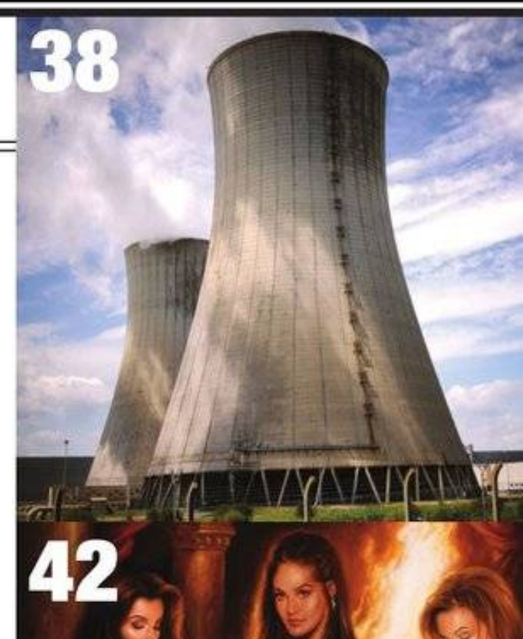

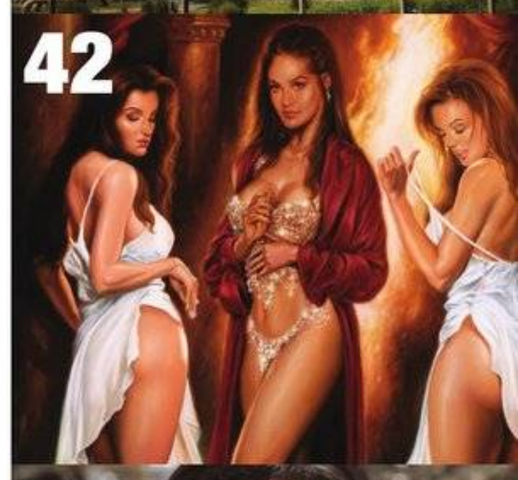

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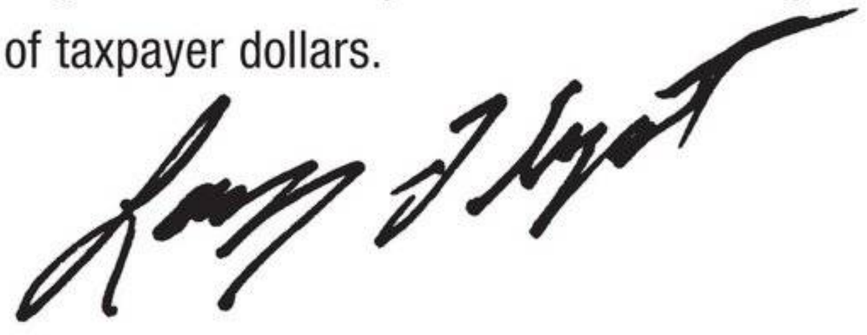
Cover photo by Matti Klatt

THE CROOKS ON WALL STREET

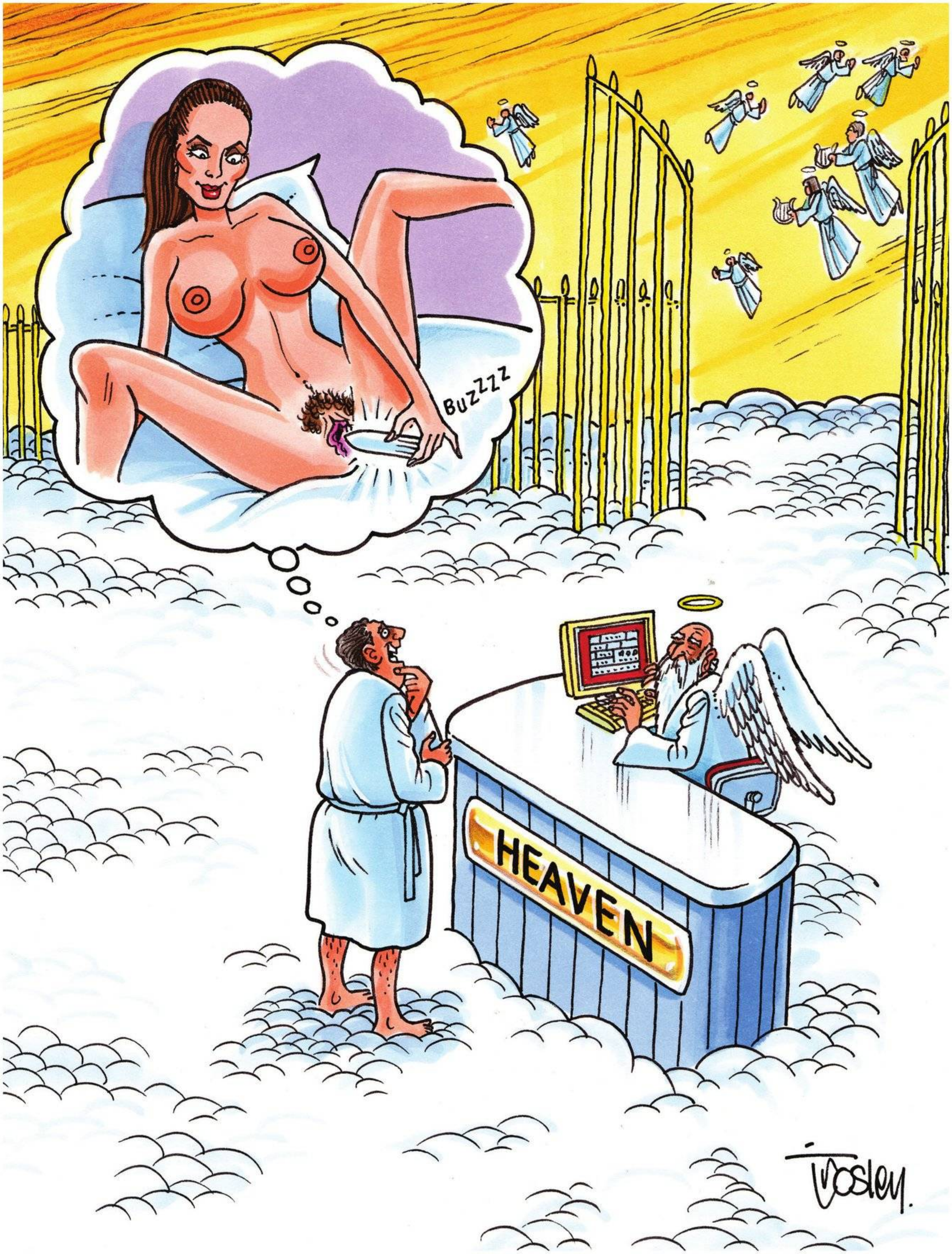
Back in 1932, in response to the growing outrage of Americans whose life savings had evaporated, the Senate Banking and Currency Committee launched an investigation to determine the causes of the 1929 stock market crash. At first, the inquiry appeared to be a Republican whitewash, but once Democrat Franklin D. Roosevelt was in office, the new President made sure chief counsel Ferdinand Pecora had the tools to do his job.

Among the financiers subpoenaed to testify before the committee were Richard Whitney, president of the New York Stock Exchange, and investment bankers Otto H. Kahn, Thomas W. Lamont, Albert H. Wiggin, Charles E. Mitchell and J.P. Morgan Jr. When Pecora was done, people like Mitchell—described as the man most responsible for the crash—were forced to step down. Admitting he'd paid no income taxes in 1931 and '32, Morgan became the most vilified man in America.

We need a Pecora-type investigation into the corruption of today's Wall Street bankers. As in the 1930s, the guilty should be held out to public ridicule and condemnation. Barring such an investigation, those arrogant SOBs will just continue looting our country of taxpayer dollars.



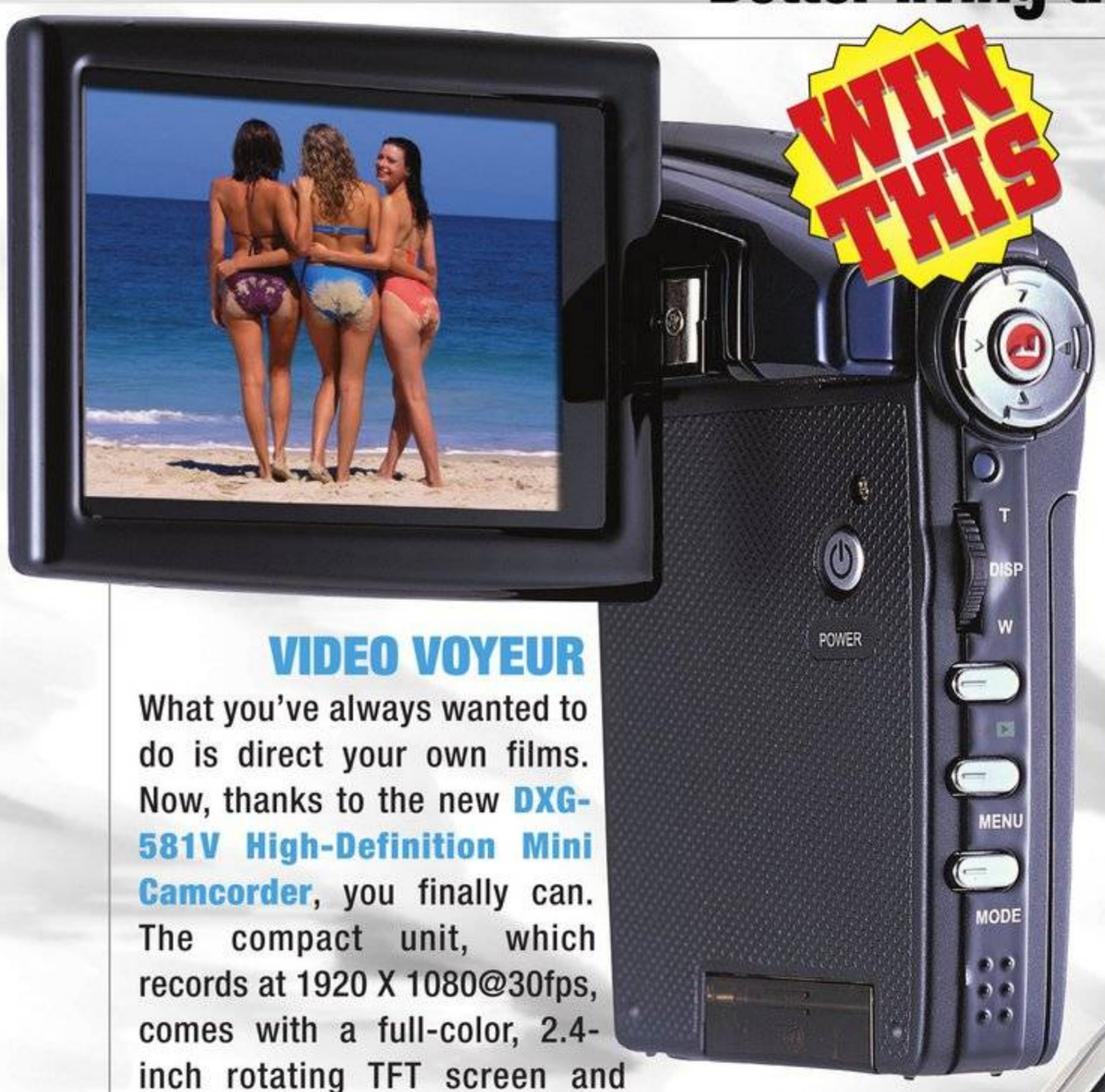
Larry Flynt
Publisher



"Reincarnation preference? That's easy: Angelina Jolie's favorite dildo!"

BY KEITH VALCOURT

Better living through gadgets. TECH KNOW



VIDEO VOYEUR

What you've always wanted to do is direct your own films. Now, thanks to the new **DXG-581V High-Definition Mini Camcorder**, you finally can. The compact unit, which records at 1920 X 1080@30fps, comes with a full-color, 2.4-inch rotating TFT screen and digital voice recorder. The camera supports high-capacity SD cards for extra memory. The best part is this high-quality camera sells for under $200. If you don't have the cash, you may be able to win one. See details below.

Available at Best Buy. Suggested retail price: $179.99.

GET LOST

With the **Lowrance Endura Sierra Handheld Touch-screen GPS**, you'll never be lost again. This small-yet-powerful, out-of-the-box navigation device is the complete package. It comes fully loaded with pre-installed detailed maps and content in a high-performance GPS computer. Besides an electronic compass and altimeter, the unit features a full-color, 2.7-inch touch screen optimized for outdoor use and 4GB of internal memory, not to mention a microSD expansion slot. The **Endura Sierra GPS** gets you where you need to go, but you'll have to bring your own beer.

Available at ***Navico.com***. Suggested retail price: $549.99.

GENTLEMEN, START YOUR CLICKING!

Time to get your Mac or PC revving! All you need is the exciting and unique **Road Mice Optical Computer Car Mouse**. Boasting a built-in USB receiver utilizing the latest RF and optical technology, these miniature cars look just like their highway counterparts while maintaining the functionality of the best pointing devices on the market. **Road Mice** are offered in dozens of different styles, including the Ford Mustang GT, Chevy Z06 Corvette, Chevy Camaro Concept and Chrysler PT Cruiser. Each mouse has a vehicle identification number (VIN) and comes with a six-month limited warranty. Plus, the headlights work! It's time to drive your computer!

Available at ***RoadMice.com***. Suggested retail price: $44.95.

PHONEY WATCH

Hey, Dick Tracy, your watch of the future is finally here! It's a camera. It's a phone. It plays music and tells time. It's all that cleverly strapped to your wrist. Featuring Bluetooth, a USB slot and a microSD slot, Neutrano's **Nutec WristFone** is the coolest gizmo to cross our desks in a long time. It's time for you to "get smart" with this cool-looking, all-in-one marvel. Taking pictures, rocking out to music and making phone calls at the same time is more fun than being a fictional police detective.

Available at ***Neutrano.com***. Suggested retail price: $300-$4,000 (depending on style).

HUSTLER WANTS YOU TO WIN ONE OF TWO GREAT GADGETS

WIN THE WRISTFONE OR DXG CAMCORDER.

Win not one but *two* of this month's gadgets. For your chance to take home the **WristFone or DXG Camcorder**, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address and signature on a postcard) and send it to Double Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to Hustler@LFP.com.

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Subscriber (check one) ☐YES ☐NO

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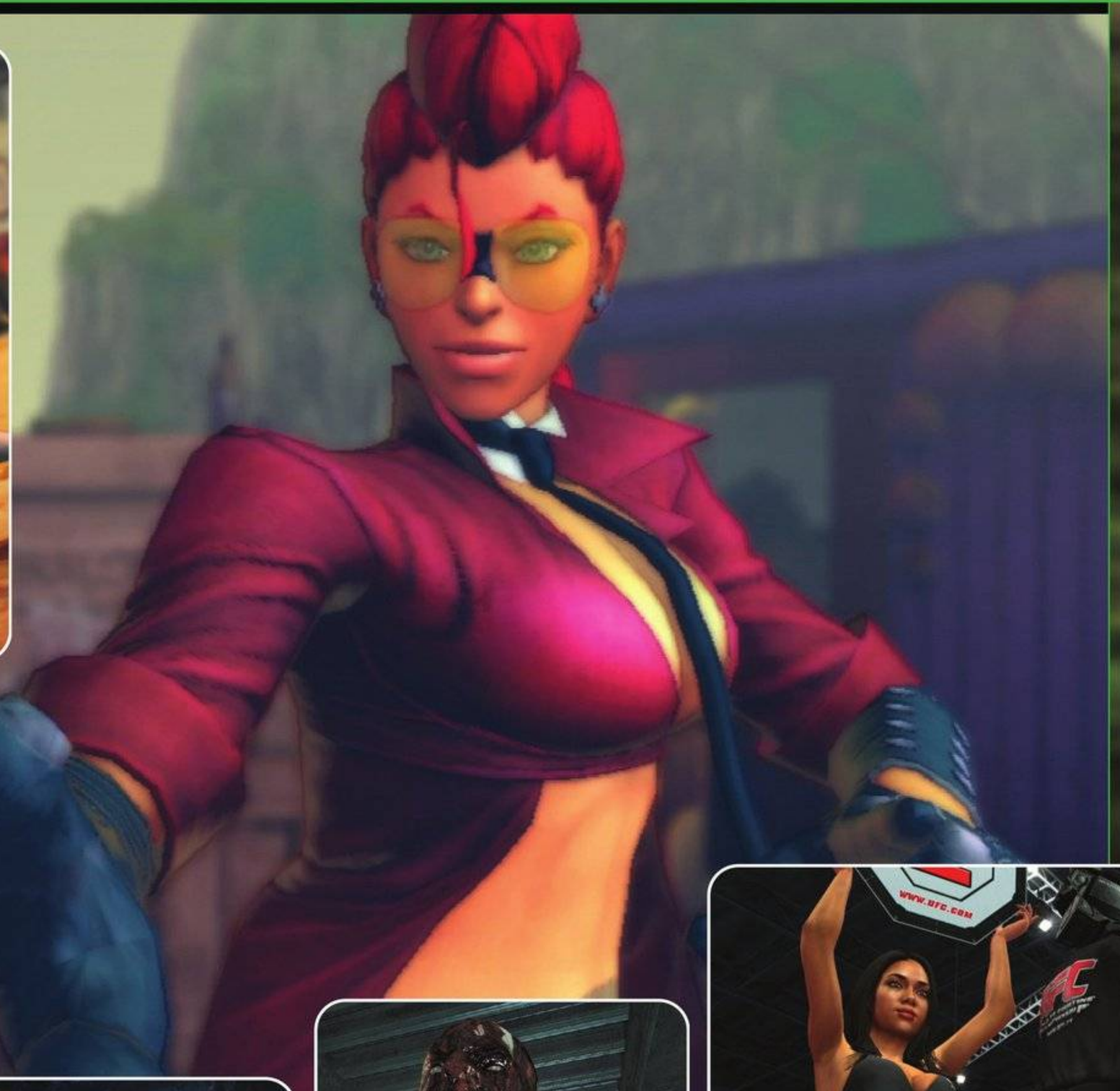
GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT



KICK ASS

Street Fighter 4

Capcom

PS3 & 360

Ever since ***Street Fighter*** appeared in local arcades, it has been kicking ass and taking names. The latest incarnation of one of the world's most popular fighting entertainment games continues that bloody tradition with a sharp kick to the head. ***Street Fighter 4*** features all your favorite combatants (Chun-Li, Guile, Ryu) and a batch of new adversaries mercilessly battling it out amid a slew of new high-definition 3-D graphics. This installment's fluid gameplay reintroduces you to the fist-tastic world of old-school martial arts. Plus, there are several stacked female fighters who'll make you grab your joystick.

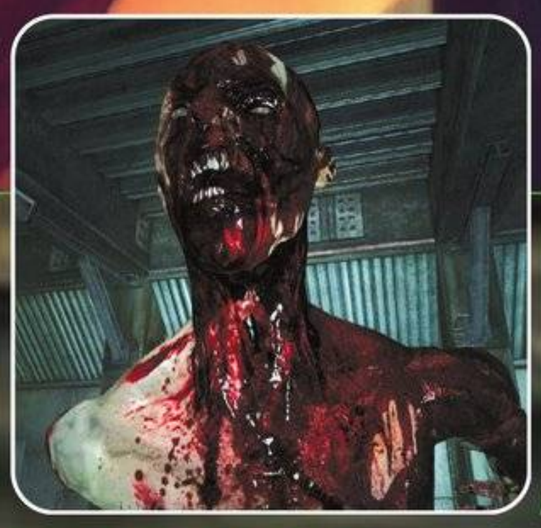
THE GODS ARE ANGRY

God of War

Sony

PS3

In the final chapter of the groundbreaking ***God of War*** series, chaos and carnage are unleashed as heroic Kratos returns with a vengeance. Hell-bent on destroying the ancient Greek deities who betrayed him, Kratos (at your command) slices and dices his way through all those standing in his path—including the mighty Zeus himself. This game is epic! The gods may be angry, but Kratos is pissed!



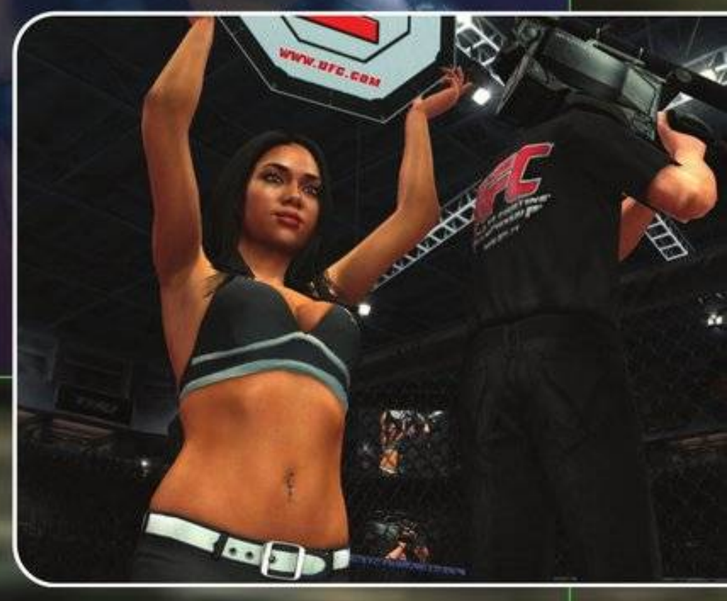
SCARY MOVIE

F.E.A.R. 2: Project Origin

Warner Brothers

PS3

The sequel to the terrifying first-person shooter game ***F.E.A.R.*** is a gory and creepy affair, full of hordes of supernatural enemies, burned-out cityscapes and blood. (Got to have that blood.) Playing it feels as if you are in a horror movie. You'll feel your heart rate rise and your adrenaline flow as you face your darkest fears in this nightmare state. Need more? Not to give the ending away, but it involves you being sexually attacked by a creepy chick. Trust us, it's hot. And creepy. Very creepy.



FIGHT CLUB

UFC 2009 Undisputed

THQ

PS3 & 360

The new ***UFC*** game is as real as it gets. Step into the octagon with 80 of the biggest names in the Ultimate Fighting Championship stable, including Tito Ortiz, Chuck Liddell and the late Tap Out founder Mask. You'll be immersed in a whole new level of play, where the bruising is more punishing, the cuts are deeper, and the moves are more intense. It's like being a UFC fighter without having to get your face kicked in. You know you want to be Tito Ortiz; now's your chance. Sorry, but you don't get to impregnate Jenna Jameson.

Screwed Priorities

WHY ISN'T UNCLE SAM BAILING OUT CALIFORNIA AND OTHER STATES SHORT ON CASH FOR EDUCATION AND SOCIAL PROGRAMS?

Why, at a time when the federal government is spending so wildly to prop up zombie banks and guarantee their toxic assets—not to mention continuing to throw billions into the black holes of Iraq and Afghanistan—are its leaders posing as frugal, tough-love guardians of the public purse when it comes to helping out cash-starved states? Or, to put it in simpler terms, if Citigroup is too big to allow to fail, why isn't California?

"There's a limit to what the government can do" for California, said President Obama's senior adviser, David Axelrod, sounding like a dad scolding a spendthrift child asking for extra allowance.

Really? We can throw a trillion dollars into corporate welfare stimulus but can't scrape together $21 billion to keep the most populated—and, yes, most economically important—state in the Union solvent for the year?! Corporate jets are sacrosanct, but keeping California's schools open for a full year is not?

For the $185 billion the feds have doled out to AIG alone, the yawning gaps in nearly every state's budget could be erased instantly.

In fact, for the $185 billion the feds have doled out to AIG alone, the yawning gaps in nearly every state's budget could be erased instantly. And instead of paying for executive bonuses and worthless derivatives, the money would primarily support the nation's public schools and middle-class adults with jobs.

For states like California, education now makes up more than one-third of their budgets, since local and federal contributions to public school systems are generally insignificant. Much of the rest goes to safety net programs like aid for single mothers, which the federal government under Reagan, the Bushes and Clinton cut.

"Poor would be hard hit by proposed California budget cuts," read an *L.A. Times* headline, summarizing Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger's intentions after a series of incomprehensible budget initiatives were defeated at a midyear election.

"Schwarzenegger has proposed slashing state spending on education by $3 billion to help close the budget gap," the *Times* reported, "and the state would pay dearly for canceling classes, firing instructors, cutting class days and shortening the school year, experts said." Some school districts are proposing ending sports, music and adult education entirely, while others have already laid off hundreds of veteran teachers.

Similarly, the governor is "considering a plan to slash California's safety net for the poor by eliminating the state's main welfare program, health insurance for low-income families and cash grants to college students." This includes the 500,000 poor families with children served by the CalWorks program, which will be dismantled, and the 928,000 children covered by the Healthy Families program, also slated for oblivion.

To eliminate these programs because the stock market crashed is shortsighted, cruel and—in Keynesian economic terms—counterproductive to actually rebooting the economy. Cutting education savages the future, while slashing middle-class employees leads to further decreases in spending, and the bust cycle continues to spin downward.

"Obviously, the state has to make some very tough fiscal decisions…[given] the budgetary constraints that they have," opined White House Press Secretary Robert Gibbs, apparently unaware that California's revenue crisis was brought on by the massive deregulation of the banks, which happened under his party's last watch in D.C.

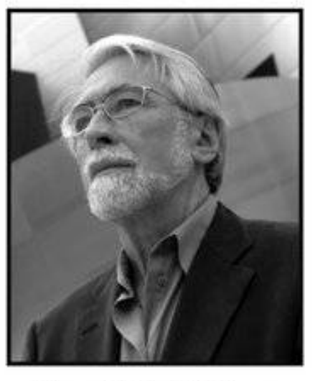
And tough for exactly whom, Mr. Gibbs? Not the politicians of either party. The results of such decisions are tough for the poor of America, two-thirds of whom are kids, left to the tender mercy of state governments thanks to the sweeping "welfare reform" and other programs put into place by the Clinton White House in one of that Democratic administration's signature triangulation ploys.

California's much-ballyhooed budget problems have deep roots, to be sure. Starting with a decline in corporate taxation since the '50s and accelerating with the Proposition 13 property tax "revolt" of the late '70s, an ever-increasing percentage of revenue has come from more volatile income taxes. In the past decade this has meant a boom-and-bust cycle in which budget battles in the heavily gerrymandered state legislature have become surreal.

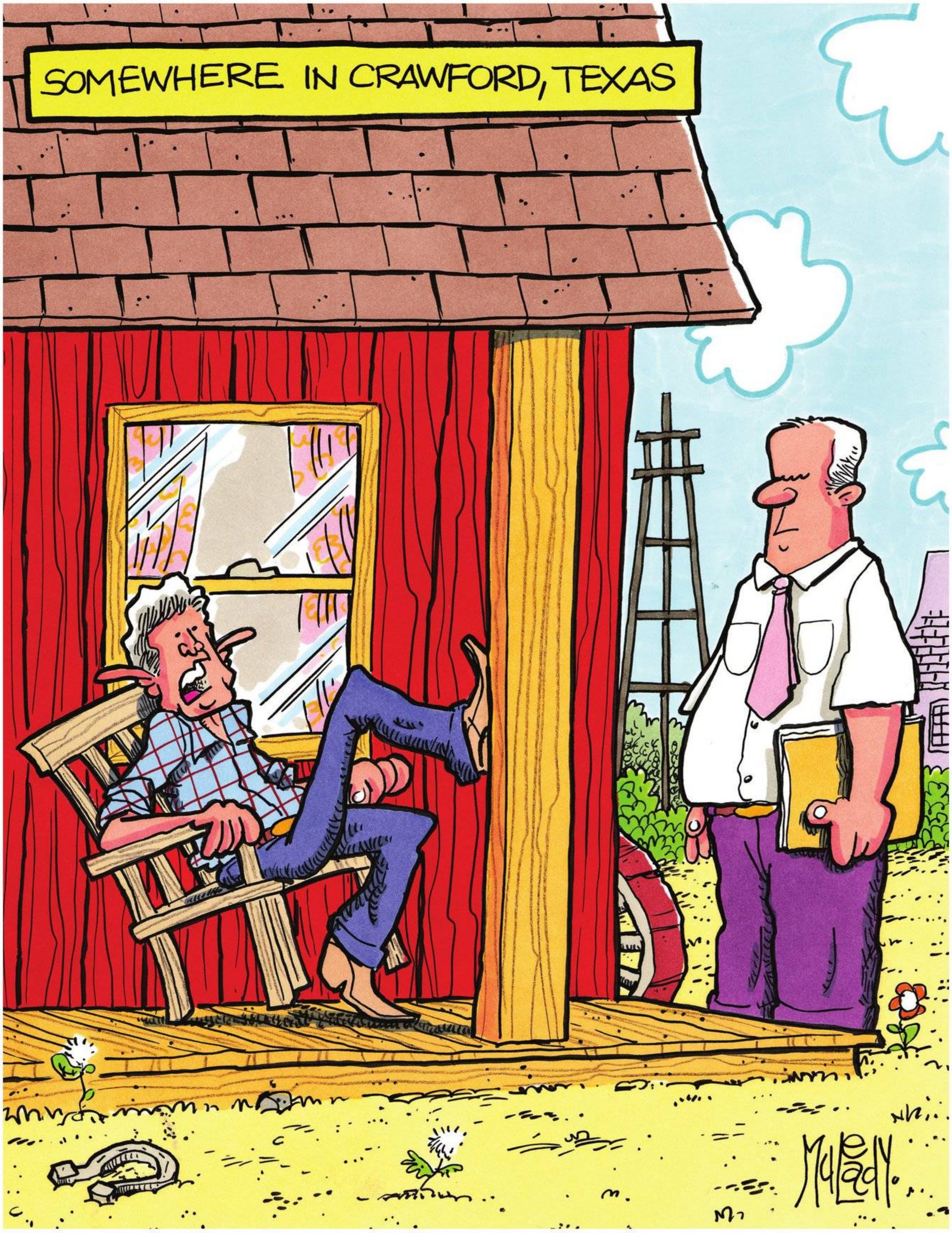
During the dot-com boom, when many glib pundits and corrupt economists were talking about "Dow 50,000" and endless prosperity, California enjoyed some modest surpluses because of taxes on stock and real estate windfalls. However, with the tech dip and then the far-worse banking meltdown, this revenue stream has all but evaporated.

Now Californians are told that a destructive slashing of basic services is portrayed as "inevitable." The alternative—significantly raising taxes on individuals during a recession—is politically impossible. Therefore, the U.S. government needs to step in, providing rescue funds that will both stabilize and stimulate the state's huge economy.

Hey, it's not like the feds are being careful with the money, anyway.



Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America.*



"I guess my biggest mistake would have to be dragging the Presidency so far down into the gutter that a nigger won the White House."

Obama's Rendition of Same Old Song

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT RELUCTANT TO PUNISH CIA'S TORTURE-INFLICTING INTERROGATORS.

For years all that was known about the CIA's network of secret prisons was that the terrorism suspects in custody were subject to what George W. Bush approvingly called "a set of alternative interrogation procedures." But he also assured the world, "We do not torture." For all that the prisoners' families and the rest of the world knew, these inmates had disappeared. They were "ghost prisoners" in the CIA's "black sites."

Gradually reporters here and abroad revealed that these "special" interrogations were also taking place in Afghanistan, Jordan, Thailand, Poland, Romania and other countries despite indignant denials by their governments. Although the International Committee of the Red Cross had finally been allowed to actually speak to some of the "disappeared" who had been transferred to Guantanamo, the ICRC did not make its findings public lest the humanitarian organization be henceforth barred from such deeply secret facilities.

"We need to get to the bottom of what happened—and why—so we make sure it never happens again."

At last, however, an ICRC report on the treatment of 14 tortured survivors of these legal black holes was leaked to journalist Mark Danner and grimly disclosed in the April 9, 2009, edition of the *New York Review of Books*. (Danner's grim article, titled "U.S. Torture: Voices from the Black Sites," can be found at **NYbooks.com**.)

Obama's new CIA Director, Leon Panetta, had to officially admit, for the first time ever, that these "black sites" were in existence. But Panetta immediately assured that they were to be "decommissioned"—indicating that they still function somewhere. Obama's choice to run the notorious agency, which has long had extra-Constitutional "special powers," went on to announce that the CIA torturers in the program "should not be investigated, let alone punished."

After all, Panetta harrumphed, the Justice Department under George W. Bush had declared the "set of alternative interrogation procedures" legal. Obama's attorney general, Eric Holder, agrees there shall be no punishments, as does his commander in chief, because—as the President has proclaimed—we should "look forward, not backward," especially when these imaginative CIA torturers were told they were within the law.

This was the failed "Nuremberg" defense when officials of Adolf Hitler's regime were put on trial.

It is also revealingly relevant to report that in Obama's range of executive orders heralding an unprecedentedly "transparent" administration that will regain the world's trust in our rule of law, one edict is conspicuously absent. The President is not ending the CIA's "extraordinary renditions," by which terrorism suspects abroad are kidnapped to be shoved into the prisons of countries—including America's allies—known for their expertise in "alternative interrogations."

But, says Panetta, those chained and manacled visits will be short, and the United States will first insist that the accommodating nations swear they will not torture their guests. We heard that song often sung by Bush-Cheney officials—and proved false.

By now, Mark Danner has shown us what the International Committee of the Red Cross unequivocally calls "torture" in the CIA secret prisons, including victims of those "renditions" describing what they endured. Yet CIA spokesman Paul Gimigliano told the *Washington Post* in January 2009, "The United States does not conduct or condone torture."

As busy as he is, if President Obama is interested in regaining his credibility—despite appearing to be channeling Dick Cheney—I suggest he read such testimonials of "black sites" alumni as: "I would be strapped to a special bed, which could be rotated into a vertical position. A cloth would be placed over my face. Cold water…was then poured unto the cloth by one of the guards so that I could not breathe…. The whole process was repeated during about one hour…as I struggled during the waterboarding in the panic of not being able to breathe."

The detainee said "waterboarding!"

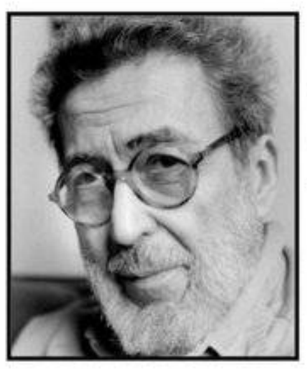
During his Senate confirmation hearing, Eric Holder said flatly that "waterboarding is torture."

But there'll be no investigation or punishment? As of this writing, information has been leaked that an investigation by the Office of Professional Responsibility in Attorney General Holder's Justice Department has concluded that those go-ahead "torture memos" by the Bush-Cheney Justice Department were decidedly not at all legal.

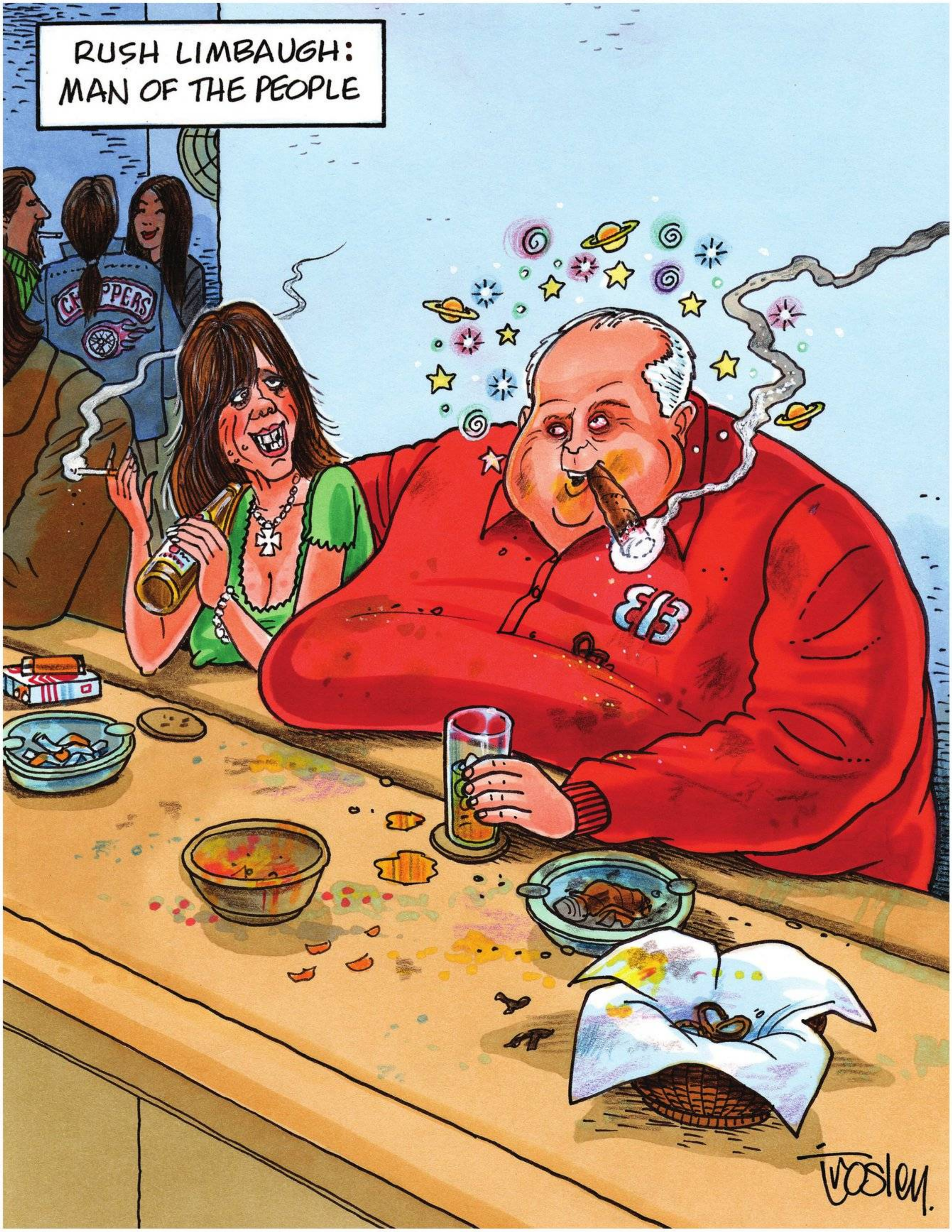
Mark Danner prefaced his disclosure of the International Committee of the Red Cross's torture report with Senator Patrick Leahy's warning to us and the President: "We need to get to the bottom of what happened—and why—so we make sure it never happens again."

Tom Parker—Amnesty International's policy director for terrorism, counterterrorism and human rights—also instructed President Obama (*New York Times*, March 20, 2009): "We will not be able to restore America's reputation in the world until we can demonstrate that we hold our own leaders to the same standard that we hold those in other nations."

Try imagining that you yourself survived years in those CIA "black sites," being repeatedly slammed against a wall and then pulled into "a small box covered to cut off all light and restrict my air supply." Face to face with CIA Director Leon Panetta, how would you react to his telling you that none of the CIA perpetrators should be investigated, let alone punished? Don't hit Panetta too hard! You don't want to be "rendered" away by the CIA.



Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?*



"Sure, I've got ex-wives, a drug problem, a food addiction, and I smoke and drink too much, but that's just so I can feel the pulse of America."

The Drug Dilemma

KEEPING STREET DRUGS ILLEGAL MEANS BIG BUCKS FOR CORPORATE AMERICA

It was the mid-'70s, and I was in my New York City apartment with the soon-to-be-famous writer P.J. O'Rourke. We were passing a joint between us when P.J. said, "Someday, when we get the power, this stuff will be legal." Well, here we are. We have the power. What the fuck happened?

My generation, more than any other, knows this shit is benign, containing no dangerous side effects unless you count obesity caused by the "munchies." So why are marijuana, cocaine and other recreational drugs still illegal?

Consider the following: It's not just the dealers and cartels that make money from drugs. First there's law enforcement—the DEA, for example. Its agents would be out of work if drugs were legalized. Where else would they find jobs? As mall security guards?

Then there are those 28-day drug rehabilitation programs, which do nothing but line the pockets of the people administering them. Why are they 28-day programs? Because that's the maximum time most insurance companies—another beneficiary—will pay for.

However, the prison-industrial complex is the biggest beneficiary of drug enforcement. The largest segment of the prison population is people convicted of drug crimes. So it shouldn't be any surprise that privately owned prisons favor even stiffer drug laws. Do away with drug crimes and they lose billions of taxpayer dollars.

It's said the overall take of the drug cartels is significantly less than the outlays to counter them. For example, it was once estimated that the Cali Cartel, the Colombian organization supplying most of the coke entering the U.S., made about $5 billion a year. Meanwhile, the government spent $8 billion annually to interdict them—to little effect. Wouldn't it have been better to pay the Cali Cartel to not ship drugs to America? That would have saved taxpayers $3 billion.

Every now and then you'll see a discussion on one of the cable news channels about drugs. These shows inevitably feature experts working in the interdiction or intervention business. Needless to say, they always speak against legalization. Isn't this like calling in a banker as an authority on bonuses?

How did marijuana become illegal in the first place? While drug use was discouraged in several states, pot wasn't outlawed nationally until a bureaucrat named Harry J. Anslinger hatched a plot to enhance his career. Working with William Randoph Hearst, Anslinger planted articles about this supposed "assassin of youth" in the publishing mogul's magazines and newspapers.

By 1930, Anslinger had been appointed the nation's first drug czar. He proceeded to push through the Marijuana Tax Act of 1937, which didn't make pot illegal, just taxable. The tax stamp cost only $1, but the regulation was so complex that no one would or could apply for it. Conversely, the maximum penalty for not paying the tax was a $2,000 fine—a lot of money back then—and five years imprisonment. Brilliant!

There was a racist element to this as well; the drugs being demonized were found primarily in the black ghettos of America. In fact, Anslinger singled out jazz artists like Charlie Parker and Billie Holiday as a way of linking heroin and pot to the music business.

Ruling on *Timothy Leary* v. *United States* in 1969, the Supreme Court struck down the Marijuana Tax Act for violating the Fifth Amendment. A year later the Controlled Substances Act was passed.

Ironically, in the two years preceding his 1975 death, Anslinger was hooked on morphine to ease his pain from an enlarged prostate. Talk about karma: He'd been a pain in our ass since 1937.

The bottom line is that all drugs should be legal. If these substances are dangerous, it's because they are kept underground, where they can't be regulated or monitored. What makes drugs dangerous and drives up their price is the enforcement of laws prohibiting them.

You are all aware of the drug war being fought along the Mexican border. Thousands have been killed, while gangs vie for control of the lucrative drug trade. That could be ended overnight by simply legalizing banned substances. As a result, we take the profit out of it and crush the cartels in the process.

Then there is the money to be made by taxing the legal sale of, say, marijuana. In the United States, pot is ranked the number-four cash crop, immediately after corn, soybeans and hay. That's money we're throwing away.

Prohibition didn't work with alcohol, and it isn't working with recreational drugs. But the worst thing about prohibition is all those prisoners rotting away for pot and other drug offenses. That's the real crime!

Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting at age 14, currently calls Sirius Left 146 his radio home.

"After listening to Michele Bachmann speak, I'd say Ann Coulter has some legitimate competition in the 'Dumbest Bitch in the Republican Party' contest."

Absolutely True Confessions of the World's Oldest Cougar

HUNTING FOR YOUNGER MEN

PHOTO BY THOMAS DIXON

Wikipedia defines *cougar* as an older woman who sexually pursues men at least eight years her junior. A *jaguar* is a female over the age of 75 who seeks males 25 to 30 years her junior. A woman aged 25 to 35 who prefers younger men is a *puma*.

As the sole estrogen-endowed columnist for this publication, it's incumbent on me to expose my life as an honest-to-God cougar. The label *cougar* has a pejorative ring to it, and like all pigeonhole categories—Democrat, Republican, Communist, conservative—it is self-limiting, missing all the nuances. A man probably dreamed up the term, but cougar it is, and—I happily admit—cougar I have been.

Cougars are much in the news, what with Demi Moore, Madonna and other high-visibility showbiz types sporting newly dried-behind-the-ears companions. There is also teacher Mary Kay Letourneau, jailed for "molesting" her student Vili Fualaau, then age 13. Mary Kay, 47, is now married to 25-year-old Vili, and the couple have two children. And, just so you know, five U.S. Presidents had older wives: George Washington, Millard Fillmore, Benjamin Harrison (his first wife), Warren G. Harding and Richard Nixon.

For centuries, men have dated girls younger than their granddaughters while everyone just shrugged and said, "Oh, well, lucky sonofabitch" or "She's after his money." But let a woman of a certain age be seen with or, God forbid, do the nasty with a man eight or ten years her junior, and it's grab the Bible and lock the door 'cause there's a she-devil on the loose.

I have been on both ends of the age game. As a teenager, I was catnip to older men. Howard Hughes discovered me at a beauty pageant in Palm Springs. Howard was obsessed with young girls—I was 16—and when my mother wasn't looking, we rendezvoused in the movie mogul's bungalow at the Garden of Allah or his unofficial office next door to the Paul Hessey photo studio in Hollywood. You can guess what was going on there.

When I was 18, I went to New York to appear in the Broadway show *Billion Dollar Baby* with Jackie Gleason. It wasn't long before I attracted the attention of former world heavyweight champion boxer Jack Dempsey. I soon became engaged to Jack, who was in his mid-50s. There were others, but this is a short column.

At a certain point in my life, however, dating older men began to pale. Experience trumps youth, and too many young men took advantage of me in ways that, well, made me angry. Also, I always viewed sex more like a male than a female. I liked having it and disliked the problems that long-term relationships inevitably spawned.

When I was in my 30s, I scandalized the baseball world by dating a younger pitcher named Bo Belinsky of the Los Angeles Angels. Later, after Bo and I broke up, he introduced me to Lee Meyers, a 17-year-old pitcher on an Angels' farm team. I married Lee when he turned 19. After we divorced, I dated a young star quarterback for the New York Jets named Joe Namath. Then I traveled around the world with a sexy young Italian kid who was barely out of high school.

In 1974 I met, dated and married a man 14 years younger, and we celebrated our 35th anniversary this year. Having now reached the status of jaguar, I have retired from the hunt.

Here's my confession, boys. Younger guys are more fun. They are easy on the eyes and usually a lively fuck. They also like to go places rather than sit in front of a television. And, if you want to watch television, they are more inclined to see it as an opportunity—if you get my meaning. If there is one glaring reason for a gal to take up cougaring—aside from really great sex—it would have to be that younger men typically do not take you for granted.

Today everyone is all a-twitter with cougars, jaguars, pumas, boy toys, boi toys, MILFs and GILFs. It's the age-old story of age, and there's never been a culture whose obsessions were more dedicated to the pages of a calendar.

My husband and I have discussed the age issue many times. I'm sure if you asked Mary Kay Letourneau and Vili, or Martha and George Washington, or Madonna, they would say the same thing we do: These matters of age mean more to everyone else than they do to us. It gives gossip columnists and bloggers something to write about, and it makes for titillating conversation over your morning latte. But the heart wants what the heart wants, and if that means younger or older, like Billie Holiday sang, "It ain't nobody's business if I do."

Mamie Van Doren starred in such "bad girl" films as *Untamed Youth*, *Teacher's Pet* and *High School Confidential*. The zesty 78-year-old wrote the tell-all autobiography *Playing the Field* and continues to chronicle her amazing life at **MamieVanDoren.com**.

Pick Your Poison

Thanks for breaking the silence about aspartame [*The Dirty Politics of Food—Part 1*, July '09]. The mainstream media is terrified of stoking corporate wrath by covering this artificial sweetener, except to slam legitimate health worries as conspiracy theories.

The reality is aspartame is harmful; we just don't know exactly how harmful. It seems to me the FDA's approval methods are backwards. It should be using the reasonable doubt method. If there's a reasonable doubt that something might be harmful, don't approve it!

The tons of inconclusive studies on aspartame suggest that there is plenty of reasonable doubt about its safety. In the end it's the consumer who has to wake up to the fact that what he is consuming is killing him.

—H.V.
Waterbury, Connecticut

Stormy Weather

It's about time another porn star made the jump to politics! [*Stormy Daniels for Senator!*, July '09.] I hope Stormy runs against Senator David Vitter [R-Louisiana]. As a local myself, it would be a true blessing to see her kick his ass back to whatever rancid swamp he came from.

Stormy's mere presence would be a constant reminder to the people of Louisiana that Vitter is a lying hypocrite who should never be allowed anywhere near public office. He treated the women he paid for sex like common trash and didn't even have the decency to apologize. It's time for Louisianans to spit on his political grave.

—H.J.
DeRidder, Louisiana

Winning Smile

Your July '09 *Beaver Hunt* Spotlight girl Brandi intrigued me, to put it mildly. Her girl-next-door looks, sizzling, lithe body and killer smile could lure me to my doom. I'd love to see a full layout of Brandi, focusing on her ripe butt, pert breasts and luscious pussy. She has my vote for Beaver of the Year! And let me add that HUSTLER is the greatest mag ever. Keep up the good work!

—Nick R.
East Syracuse, New York

Cat-echism

Your 35th Anniversary Issue [July '09] was a pure winner. The cover design is a perfect color combination with a great set of tits to boot. The page 3 parody ["Fresh Stroke"] is a home run. The bad kitty jerking off will be sent to my cousin. She's not just a cat lover; she's a Catholic cat lover. That makes two kinds of goofy wrapped up in one head.

Every time a priest or nun handed us a line of crap they couldn't explain, they called it a miracle. Even as a kid I could see through the bullshit. Any time those religious goofballs try to scare a kid, they put the word *sacred* or *holy* in front of something and call it doctrine. The Holy Ghost isn't even a ghost. It's a fucking pigeon! Sure, it's called a dove, but a fancy pigeon is still just a rat with wings. **—Gregory Podsada**
Trevor, Wisconsin

Easy Prey

I'd just like to say that Nicole Scott [*Cougars Unleashed #3*, April '09] is the sexiest lady to get my motor running in a long while. It's cool that she digs younger guys, but I'm already 35, so I'm probably out. If those tits aren't real, they fooled me. Those are the best-looking set of puppies I've ever seen!

—Ruben Wedgeworth
Laurel, Mississippi

Everything's Bigger

Alexis Texas was a fine choice to grace the cover of your 35th Anniversary Issue. Alexis and I share a hometown, so she caught my attention as soon as she sauntered into hard-core three years ago. I've coveted her natural tits, generous ass and genuine good looks in more scenes than I can count. I couldn't have been happier when Elegant Angel made her the latest Buttwoman.

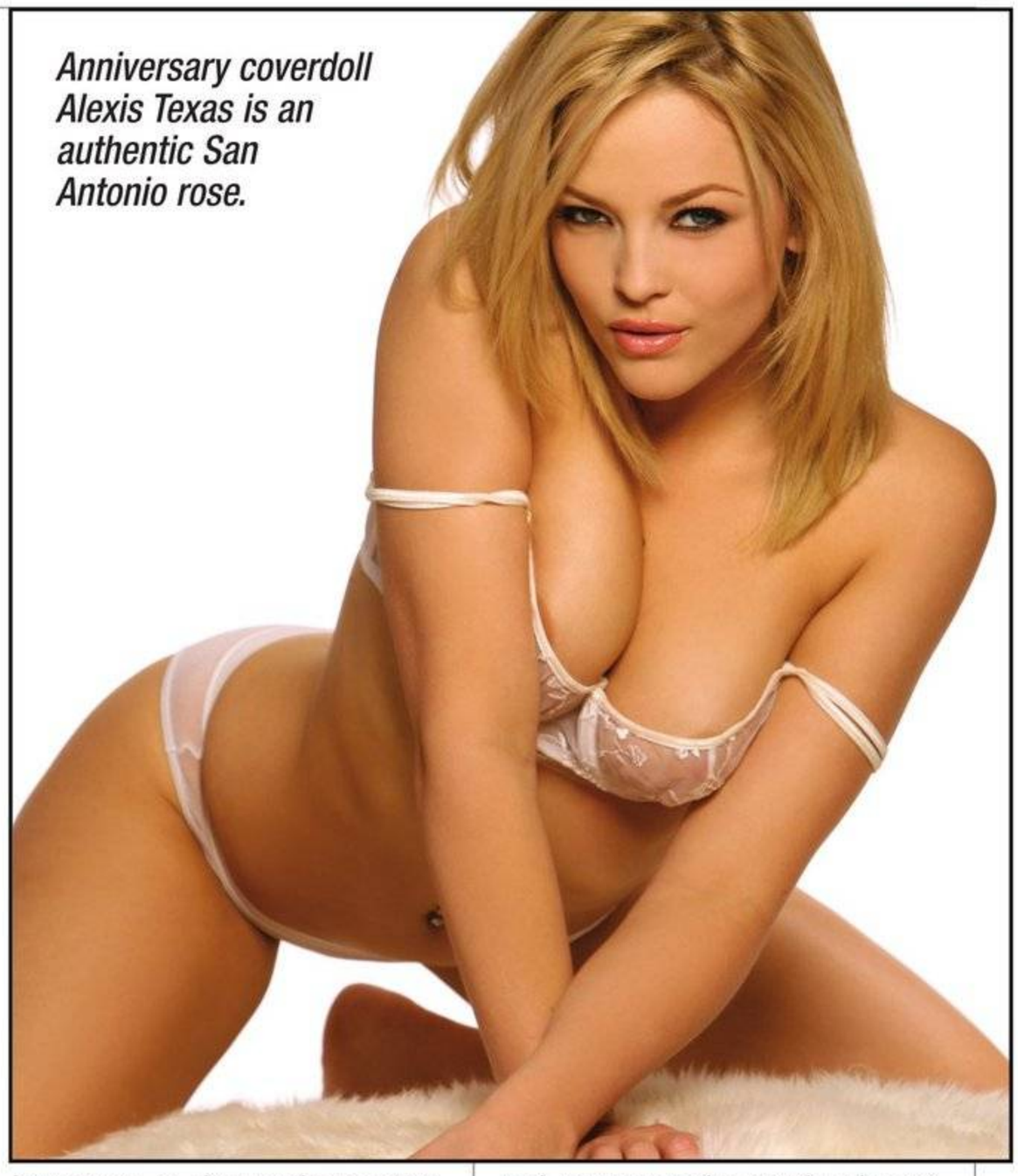
I read recently that Alexis got engaged. I hope that doesn't mean she's going to promise that sweet ass to one man only. She's way too much woman for that. **—S.F.**
San Antonio, Texas

Call Him Out

I'm glad to see that columnists Robert Scheer and Nat Hentoff are holding Obama's feet to the fire, rather than giving him a pass the way most of the media is. I voted for him, but I feel betrayed. He hasn't gone after the neocon criminals, he hasn't changed course on the war and torture, and he hasn't brought Wall Street to task for ripping off the entire country. Now he's handing GM billions.

Is this guy a president or a bagman? What good is power if you don't use it? Obama thinks he's making friends in the right places, but, one by one, he's losing his real power: we the people who put him there. **—S.P.**
Lorain, Ohio

Anniversary coverdoll Alexis Texas is an authentic San Antonio rose.



Sweet & Sticky

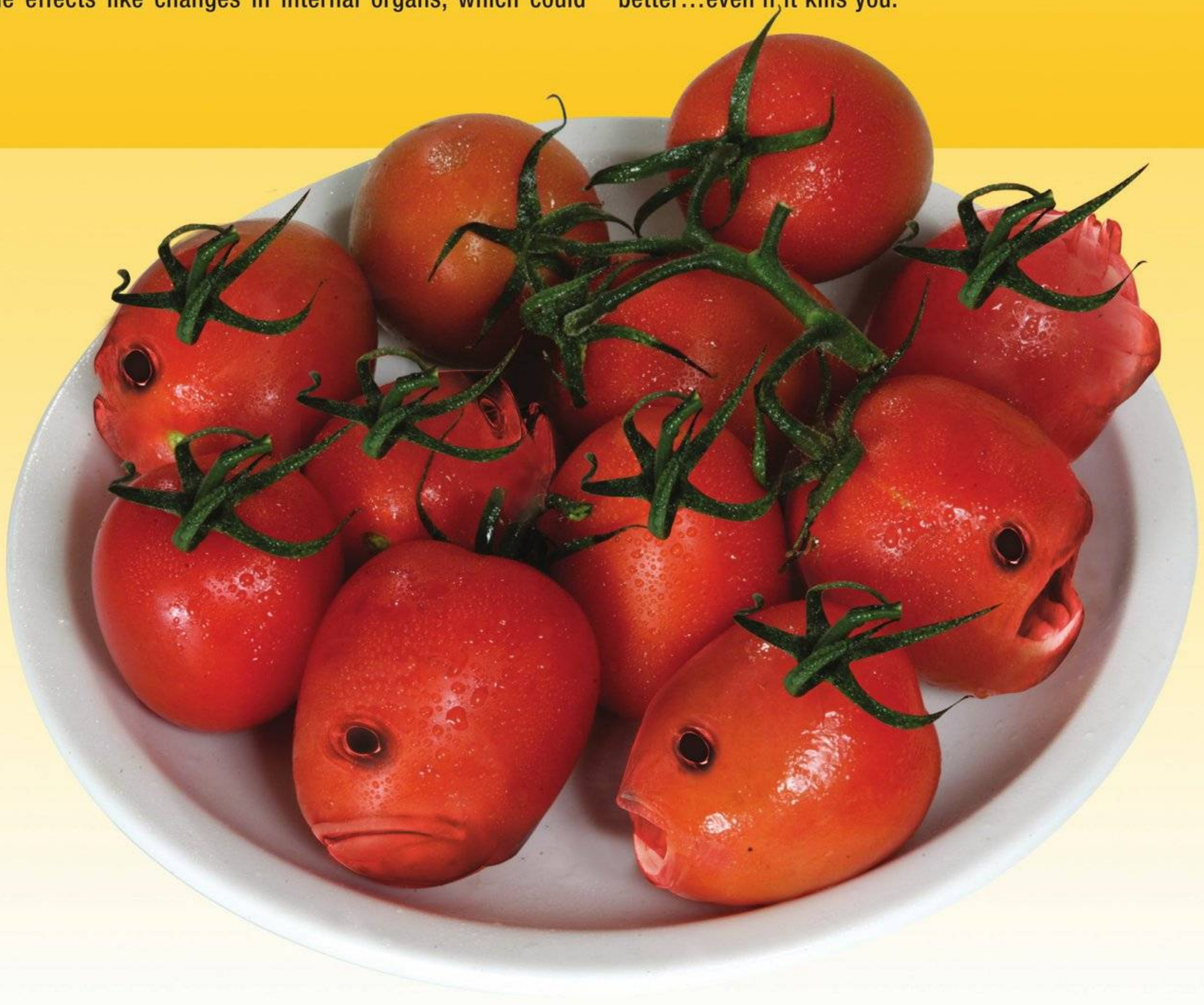
Your retrospective of classic Honeys was excellent [July '09]. You've been bringing the hard-core that I adore since '74. It has brought me some of my fondest memories ever since I found my first HUSTLER in my brother's room back when I was just a horny little Dungeons & Dragons nerd. I don't think I ever saw the first issue, but gazing at the big, brown eyes of Marida Lindbloom makes me wish I had. Keep doing it, brother. May you fill the world with smut for 35 more years and beyond. **—K. Tkacik**
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

GENETIC ENGINEERING

Making Your Food Better

We don't just make food; we make food better. We create exciting, new, genetically engineered products by adding animal genes, including fish. Critics say that we are experimenting on unsuspecting people. They claim that the adjustments we make have "possible" negative long-term side effects like changes in internal organs, which could lead to kidney, heart and liver failure as well as lowering your immune system. You didn't know that because it's legal for food companies to not label their food "Genetically Modified." Because you don't need to know that. All you need to understand is we are working to make your food better…even if it kills you.



HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is political commentary on what is really lurking inside your food. There is something fishy going on with your vegetables. For more info log on to **OrganicConsumers.org**. This political parody may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

Eric Cantor

House Minority Whip Eric Cantor has the dubious honor of being the only Republican Jew in the U.S. House of Representatives. That means the Jewish RepubliCON is just one baby step from being a Jew for Jesus. Of course, it could be worse: The congressman from Virginia could be a Jew for Hitler.

On the other hand, since taking his seat in 2001, Cantor has been an effective voice for Israel in the House. Most notably, he cosponsored legislation to cut off U.S. funding to the Palestinian Authority and introduced another bill to end taxpayer aid to Palestinians. Cantor even smeared Barack Obama. Back when he was still in the Senate, Obama remarked that the conflict in the Middle East is a "constant sore."

Intentionally misquoting him, Cantor commented, "It is truly disappointing that Senator Obama called Israel a 'constant wound,' 'constant sore,' and that it 'infect[s] all of our foreign policy.' These sorts of words and characterizations are the words of a politician with a deep misunderstanding of the Middle East and an innate distrust of Israel."

Like Cantor, HUSTLER is pro-Israel. But unlike this Asshole, we are not beholden to the American Israel Public Affairs Committee and Republican Jewish Coalition, two key components of his fundraising network. Since our loyalty is to America, not Israel, we favor a balanced approach to the Israeli-Palestinian conflict instead of Cantor's one-sided support of Israel.

However, the foregoing, as corrupt as it may seem, pales before the lawmaker's other political efforts. Take, for example, his recent attempt to save the moribund Republican Party with a boneheaded rebranding effort called the National Council for a New America. The initiative, which was supposed to launch a Listening Tour of America, was blasted by social conservatives as being weak-kneed and out of touch.

Not invited to join the so-called GOP panel of experts—including governors Bobby Jindal, Sarah Palin, Mitt Romney and Jeb Bush—was Mike Huckabee, the former governor of Arkansas. He said that it was a "sad day" in Republican politics when "we think it is necessary to form a listening group to find out what Americans think we should be fighting for."

Cantor had announced the tour by saying the GOP needed to "begin a conversation with the American people" in order to establish what the people want from RepubliCONS. But we could have saved Cantor the trouble. The American people want the GOP to disband. (Even Joe the Plumber is fed up with the party.)

Americans are well aware it was the GOP that wrecked the economy with its profligate spending, tax cuts for the rich and deregulation of the banks—shenanigans Cantor wholeheartedly embraced. (In 2007 he voted against regulating the subprime mortgage industry.) Even when the meltdown finally hit, Cantor acted as if it were no big deal.

He urged House Republicans to vote against Obama's American Recovery and Reinvestment Act of 2009, then told the *Christian Science Monitor* that Democrats were "overreacting" to the global financial crisis. Cantor has also been quoted as being proud that his party was "just saying no to Obama."

Cantor had, however, previously supported the Troubled Asset Relief Program (TARP)—allowing the government to purchase financial institutions' "troubled" assets. But then again, he had received campaign contributions from TARP recipients Citigroup and Goldman Sachs.

Also worth noting: Cantor's wife is a managing director in a division of Emigrant Bank. This subsidiary of New York Private Bank & Trust Corporation was one of 47 private banks to receive bailout cash.

Ironically, Cantor's Listening Tour got shot down in flames by Rush Limbaugh, causing the craven House member to run for cover. Within hours of Limbaugh saying "we do not need a listening tour," Cantor shrieked like a hysterical little girl: "Really, this is not a listening tour." So bold, so brave.

But that's not all we have on this Asshole: Cantor, rated 100% by the U.S. Chamber of Commerce for his pro-business record, voted with his fellow Republicans 95.8% of the time during the current Congress. These votes included authorizing warrantless wiretaps of American citizens and making the USA PATRIOT Act permanent. He also voted against whistleblower protection and minimum-wage increases and for stricter bankruptcy rules—a dagger aimed at the heart of the working class.

Despite Cantor's dismal voting record, his own party members—not just Huckabee and Limbaugh—look at him with complete and total contempt. During the 2008 Presidential campaign, John McCain's people said reports of Cantor being considered as a Vice Presidential candidate were "a complete and total joke."

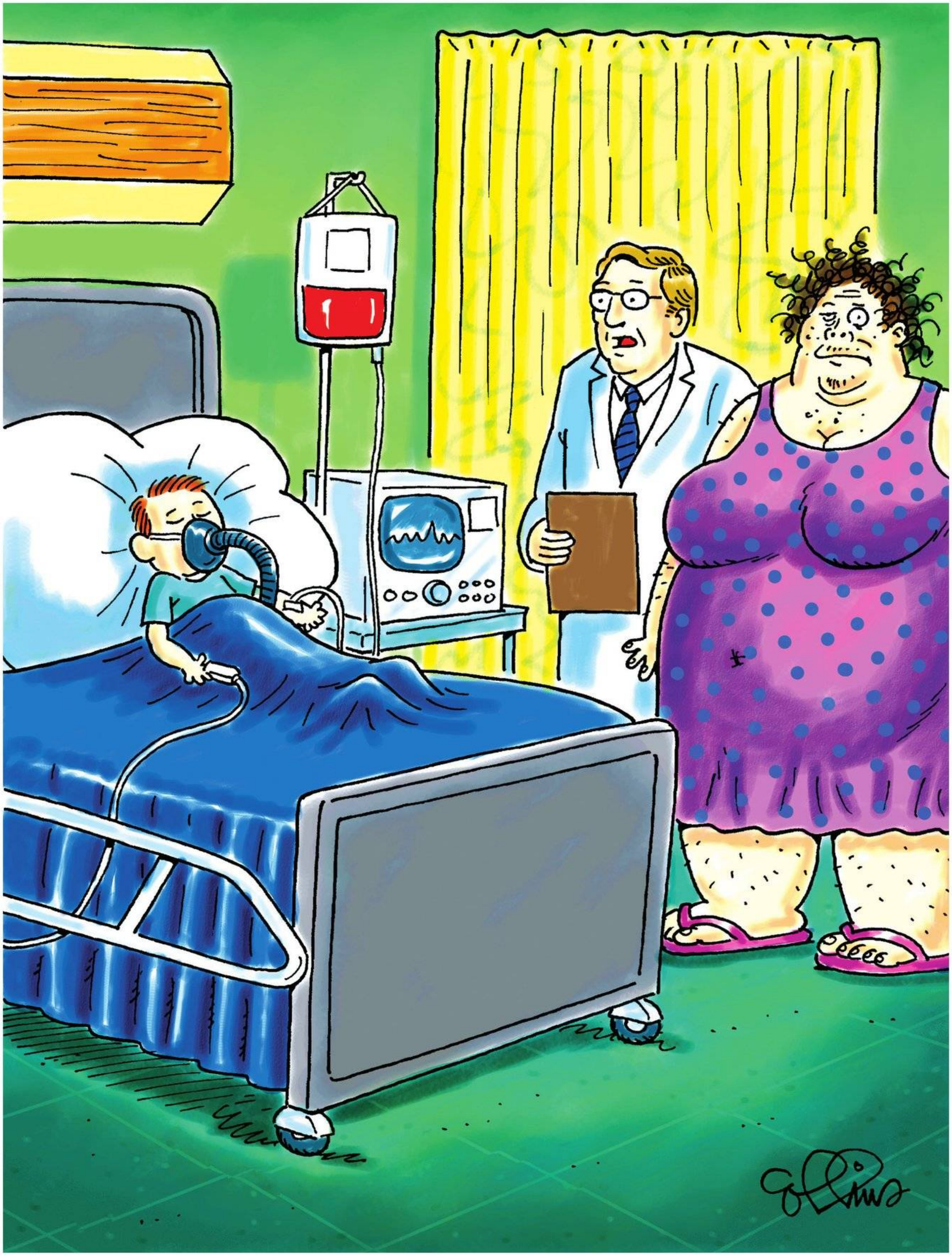
Hey, Eric! You were dismissed as a joke! Instead, McCain chose Sarah Palin as his running mate. Do you have any idea what that says about how he and other Republicans see you? Sarah fuckin' Palin, for God's sake!

Look, Eric, you and your cohorts are destroying our country by bending over for Big Business. You can take it up the ass if you want to (there are those pesky rumors), but we refuse. As far as we're concerned, you can go fuck yourself!

FARTS IN THE WIND

•**The *Philadelphia Inquirer*** hired George W. Bush's "torture memo" henchman John Yoo as a columnist, enraging the daily's readers and its own staff. Yoo is that piece of shit who told Bush it would be legal to crush the balls of a suspected terrorist's kid in an attempt to get information. Yoo should be in jail, not writing for a once-well-respected newspaper. On the other hand, the *Inquirer*'s top editor should have his nuts handed to him.

•**CHARLIE CRIST**, Florida's closeted gay governor, was outed in the documentary *Outrage*. Nevertheless, Crist announced he will run for the U.S. Senate. The Republican National Committee backs him, but real Republicans don't. Crist has a history of hooking up with a beard when he's on the campaign trail. He married his latest, but that won't stop the gay scuttlebutt.



"Why didn't you just tell him where he came from instead of showing him?"

Terrific threesome: Bree Olson, Nikki Jayne and Kayden Kross.

Jenna Haze accepts it.

Sasha Grey: superstar.

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

THEY'RE ALL WINNERS!

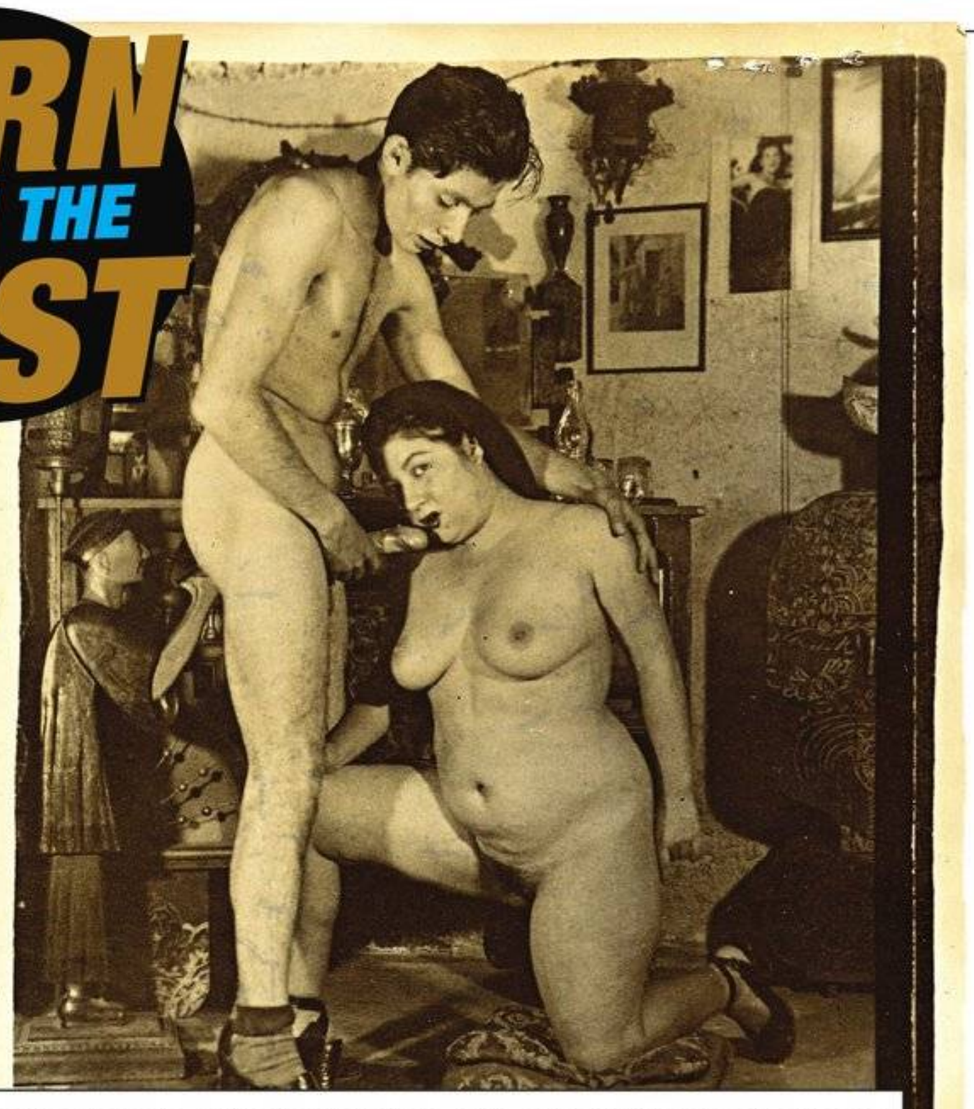
Bree Olson, Teagan Presley, Kayden Kross, Sasha Grey, Ashlynn Brooke and Sunny Leone were just a handful of the porn stars who attended the latest XBIZ Awards ceremony. Some of this year's biggest winners included **Jenna Haze** (Female Performer of the Year), **Tera Patrick** (Crossover Star of the Year), **Stoya** (New Starlet of the Year), **Belladonna** (Director of the Year) and last but not least, HUSTLER Video's ***Who's Nailin' Paylin?*** (Marketing Campaign of the Year).

We'll point out that when fans are welcome at an event with dozens of XXX babes in sight, there aren't really any losers.

Sunny Leone

Teagan Presley

PORN FROM THE PAST



Another photo proving fat girls will eat anything. Thanks to B.O. of San Gabriel, California, for this long-ago lovefest.

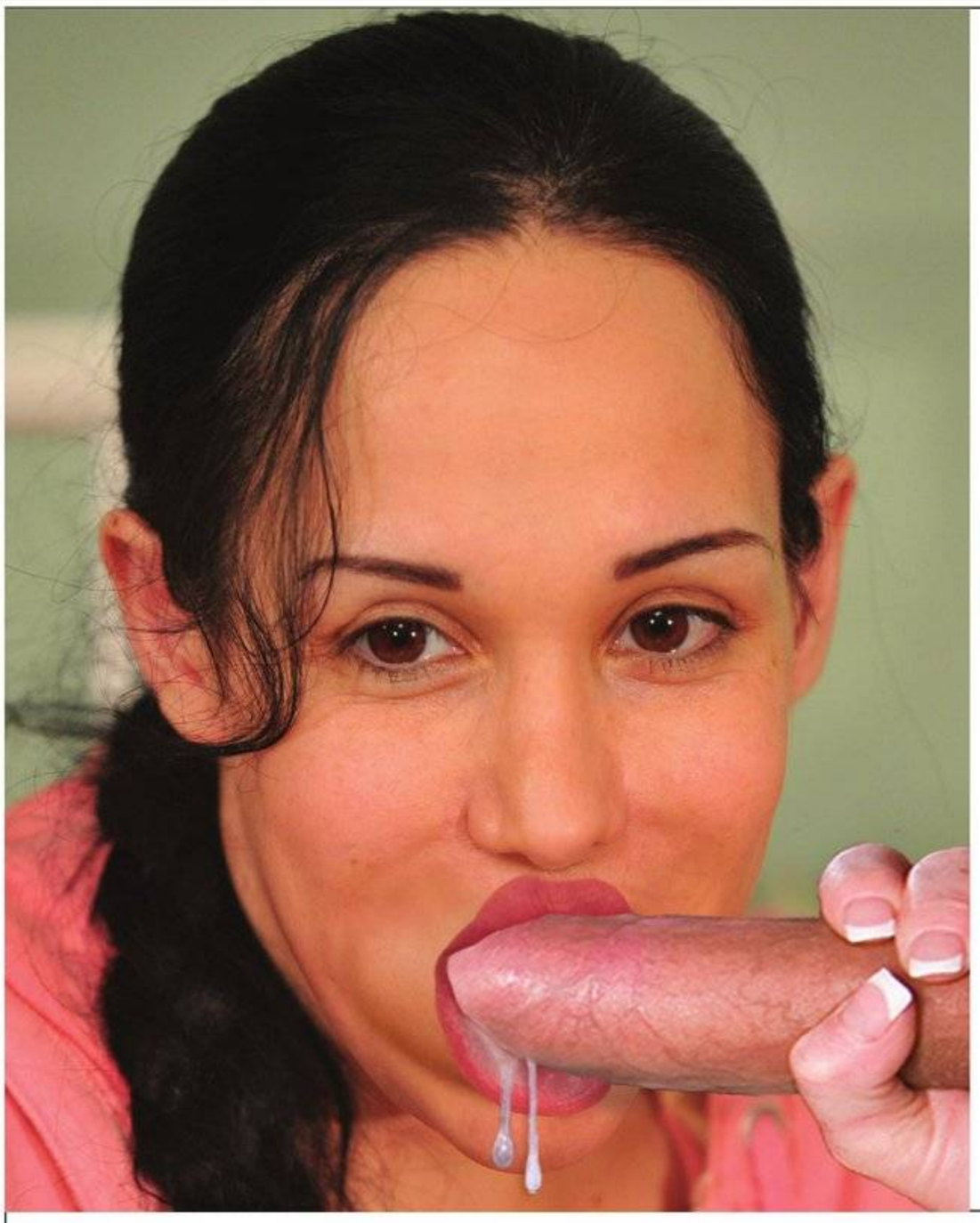
Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

EVERYBODY LOVES HUSTLER

Rocker **Wayne Static** knows a little bit about porn stars: He married one! Check out our exclusive interview with the Static-X leader and his sexy spouse, **Tera Wray**, on page 97.

Check out HUSTLERMagazine.com

"If God had meant us to have group sex, he'd have given us more organs." —MALCOLM BRADBURY, AUTHOR



CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD *Octomom* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

Whether you love or hate Nadya Suleman (we hate her), you know you wanted to see this.

DISCLAIMER. Parody; no such picture of Octomom exists…yet. But it's probably only a matter of time till one shows up, because Suleman is absolutely running out of other options. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

NEWS BABES

There are news babes, and then there are NEWS BABES! Martha Sugarlski, who works at WESH Channel 2 in Orlando, Florida, is the latter. We imagine Martha is more fun than a trip to Disney World. Thanks to B.F. of Port Orange, Florida, for an extra-awesome submission.

To nominate a local or network news personality, send her full name, station and channel (include a picture) to HUSTLER News Babes, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your pick is aired here, you'll win a HUSTLER Prize Pack.

DESKTOP DICK

Here's the perfect gift for the pecker-head in your life. The seven-inch-tall DickHead Doll—offered in white, black or tan—will let that "special" someone know exactly how you feel. Head to **DickHeadWorld.com** if you want to get one for your boss or yourself. Seriously, you're kind of a dickhead.

"Happiness is watching TV at your girlfriend's house during a power failure." —BOB HOPE, COMIC

NEWSBITES

Cheese, Please

The opening of a London art exhibit was newsworthy recently, but not for the paintings. The buzz was all about the snacks that were served, including cheese made with breast milk. The artist said his intent was to "explore our first encounter with food, emphasizing its boundaries." We just think it was an excuse to enjoy breast cheese. Mmmm, breast cheese.

Public Affection

Everyone wants to get the best parking spot possible when they go to a store, but a Florida man snagged one for a different reason. He wanted shoppers at a local supermarket to watch him having sex with two hotties in his car. Onlookers might have been impressed if the mook's paramours hadn't been love dolls. When arrested, the 51-year-old told cops he had planned to buy clothes for his inflatable gal pals. At a grocery store?!

Asshole Politicians

We don't know art, but we know what we like…and this ain't it. A West Coast artist recently unveiled her newest creation, the "Seats of Power" collection. The "rumptastic" exhibit featured upholstered cushions individually tailored with the ass imprints of Brisbane, California's City Council members and the mayor, who agreed to be photographed from behind, clothed, through a sheet of Plexiglas pressed against their keisters. Although we're sure the politico cushions' creator is a great artist, we couldn't help making her the butt of a "Newsbites" joke.

Flippin' the Bird

A mugging is always a traumatic experience…unless you are mugged by a bird. Then it's funny as hell. A 69-year-old (really?) Austrian woman complained to authorities that a Bald Eagle swooped down and snagged her handbag. The "dirty bird" then landed in the street and pried the bag open, eventually spilling the contents before flying away. Seriously, you can't make this shit up. Believe us, we've tried.

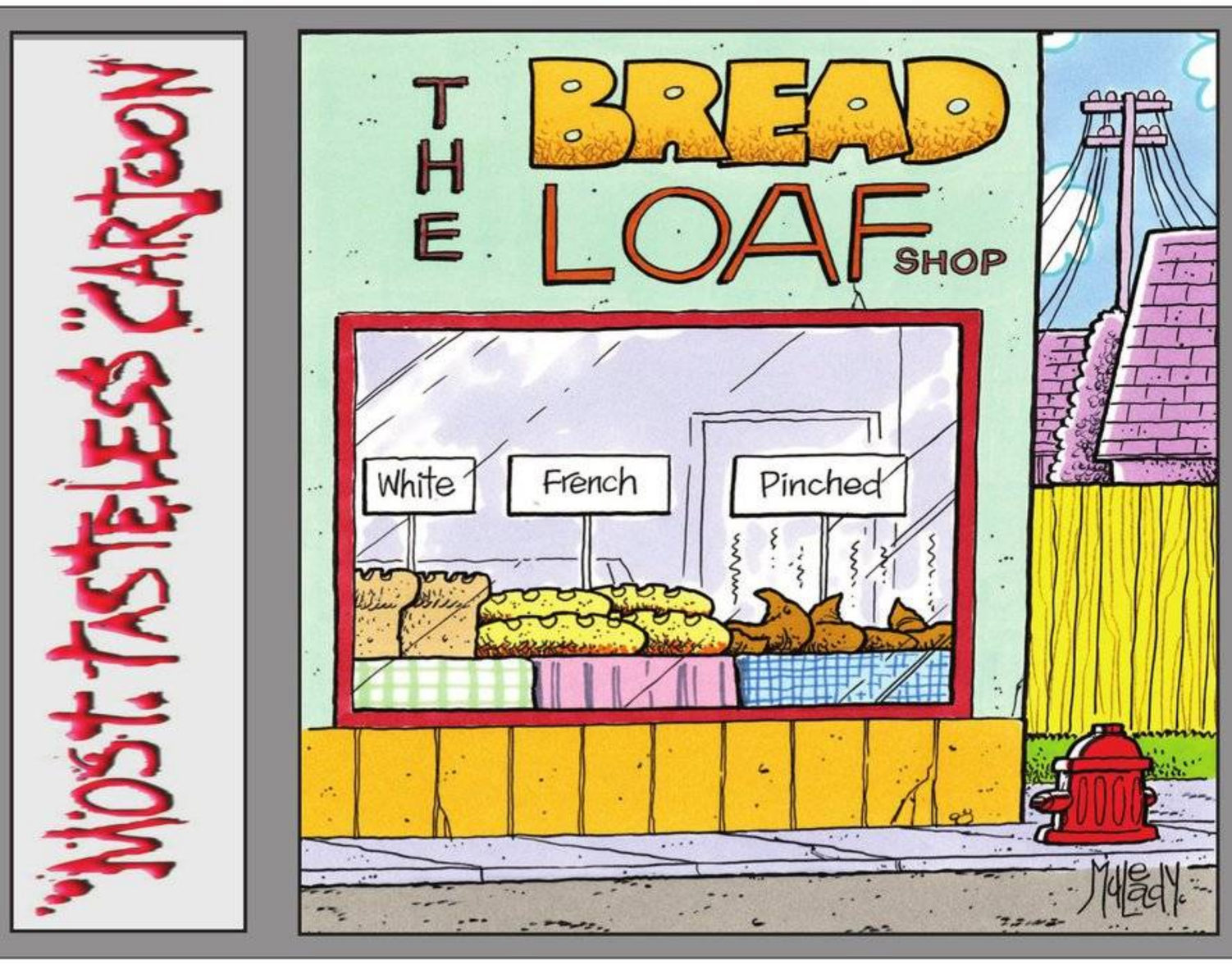
Sign of the Times

New or old, we'll take a 99¢ BJ any day. Thanks to W.M. of New York City for this entry.

Have you seen a funny sign? If you do, snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER Sign of the Times, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for 50 bucks.

LATE NIGHT LUST

Kudos to *Saturday Night Live* for its recent thumbs-up to HUSTLER Magazine. In a sketch about the sad state of the economy, Barack Obama (played by Fred Armisen) announced: "People have to make tough choices on what to spend their money on. HUSTLER is a must-buy. *Penthouse*? Not so much." Sorry, *Penthouse*, but your time is up!



"It isn't premarital sex if you have no intention of getting married." —MATT BARRY, ACTOR

FOR ART'S SAKE

Cartoonist S. Clay Wilson is best known for his groundbreaking contributions (alongside Robert Crumb) to the classic 1960s *Zap Comix*. Wilson's unique style and sardonic wit led to the creation of several infamous characters, including the Checkered Demon, Captain Pissgums and Ruby the Dyke. He helped pave the way for all underground artists and cartoonists who followed.

Sadly, Wilson recently suffered a brain injury after a fall and is in need of financial assistance. Go to **SClayWilsonTrust.com** if you wish to make a donation.

MARILYN CHAMBERS R.I.P.

We are sad to report that one of the adult industry's true pioneers, Marilyn Chambers, has died at age 56. The one-time Ivory Snow soap box model burst into the national spotlight by starring in *Behind the Green Door*. That 1972 film, along with *Deep Throat* (starring Linda Lovelace), was instrumental in making hard-core cinema a cultural phenomenon. She leaves behind a daughter. Godspeed, Marilyn. You will be missed.

"Condoms aren't completely safe. A friend of mine was wearing one and got hit by a bus." —BOB RUBIN, BUSINESSMAN

ADULT BEHAVIOR

Would you fork over a pile of cash to meet your favorite porn gals? How about Sunny Leone, Courtney Cummz, Daisy Marie and Aubrey Addams? Did we mention you actually get to touch the erotic actresses (for a few seconds)? If you said yes, then you should have been at the Los Angeles Convention Center for the latest Adultcon. Those chicks (and many more) were on hand and glad to take your money.

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

Chat With

REAL GIRLS NOW

in your area

Why waste time when we've already collected these great girls for you?

HUSTLER PERSONALS

WE'VE FOUND THE GIRLS FOR YOU

You know how frustrating it is to try to chat up a girl in a loud crowded bar.

Come inside and get PERSONAL

START CHATTING NOW

PEAK INSIDE

FINGER-LICKIN' GOOD

ANGELINA ASH

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

I was born for porn," brash **Angelina Ash** proclaims. "No one is better at this than me. You know how they say you have to do what you love? Well, I love sex. The fact that I'm able to make a solid living doing porn is perfect!"

But first, **Angelina** had to make a career move. “I broke in the way a lot of girls do,” she recalls. “I was working as a feature dancer and making pretty good money. Then a friend of mine introduced me to some guys. *Bam!* I’m an adult actress. Now I’m making a ton of cash doing things I would gladly do for free.”

Angelina admits, "For a long time I only did girl/girl scenes. Even though I love cock, I was a little shy about doing guys on film. Then came my very first boy/girl flick with Tommy Gunn. He's so nice and taught me a lot. That was easy. I'm open for anything now—maybe even two guys at once. Bring it on!"

As for what lies ahead, **Angelina** reckons, “I feel like I’ve done so much already, but I’m really just starting out. I would love to win an AVN Award someday. If I could do anything at all, then I would like to be a superhero. That would be cool. A porn star superhero who fucks and fights crime? Awesome!”

ANGELINA ASH’S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Chester, West Virginia | AGE: 22 | BIRTH SIGN: Taurus | HEIGHT: 5-3 | WEIGHT: 121

"Twenty years old, perky tits, tight pussy, virgin asshole.
She's everything you aren't. Now *that's* change I can believe in!"

Game for Gettin' Dirtier Than Ever

I jumped on Zee's back and tackled him to the ground. We rolled around in the dirt, giggling.

I had wanted to make a move on Zee since the first time I met him, but somehow we fell into that friends trap. You know, hanging out in groups, getting drunk, never actually fucking. But now, rolling around on the ground, our bodies made contact, and suddenly the giggling stopped. We stared into each other's eyes for a brief second, and the clothes started flying off in all directions.

The 20-year-old's body was better than I'd ever imagined, and I'd imagined it plenty—smooth, rippling muscles; long, lean legs; tight, tight buttocks. My heart felt like it was going to explode when our lips finally touched. He was pinned under me, and I could feel his chest hair tickling my tit buds.

Zee's long slab of man meat grew hard against my thigh as we kissed passionately. The whole world faded into the distance. There was only my warm body against his. I was scared to break the kiss for fear it was all some crazy, wonderful daydream. So I didn't. I simply lifted my hips and guided his prick cap into my pink.

Holy fuck, Zee was thick! His pecker stretched my quim deliciously. Slowly I sank onto his prod until it was buried nuts-deep. My pussy felt so damn full, so electrified. My moan broke our kiss. I dipped my head to tongue-flick his nipples. And that's when thunderous applause broke out all around us. Touchdown! See, we were fucking under the bleachers at our school's football game.

Zee and are just your typical college kids: flat-ass broke, trying to scrounge our way through the semester. Like most students, we practically live on mac 'n' cheese and cheap beer. So when Zee told me he knew of a way to get into the game for free, hell, I was up for it. He showed me the hole in the fence behind the bleachers, and while everyone was busy cheering, we slipped through. That's when it hit me: I was finally alone with Zee. I decided to seize the opportunity and tackle him.

Now his hands squeezed my butt cheeks. My snatch clutched his meat, and we fell into a sensual fucking rhythm. I was riding his pole with long, smooth lunges, rising up till my labes gripped the helmet, then sinking all the way down the fat shaft. When Zee started circling my rosebud with a finger, I gasped and threw my head back—and saw a set of eyes staring right back at me.

It was a girl, a blonde, ogling us from the bleachers. When she caught my eye, she gave me a little smile. And suddenly this became the most exciting sex of my life! I didn't realize I was an exhibitionist until that very minute. My pussy jizz flowed over Zee's balls.

My focus shifted slightly, from this boy I'd been desperate to fuck to our audience of one. I became aware of every movement and how it would look to the blonde above us. I pinched my hard nipples, even slapped my boobies around some. I glanced down to see if Zee had noticed the chick. His lids were closed in ecstasy. When I looked back up, she was gone. Damn! Frantically, my eyes searched the bleachers, trying to find her, but her space on the bench was empty.

I had resigned myself to simply concentrating on the prick filling my box—which, after all, felt pretty fantastic—when I saw the blonde standing in the shadows, under the bleachers, not 30 feet from us! I saw her tug her shorts to her knees and finger her cookie as she watched me—*me!* She was tall and slender, with long, curly hair. I saw her pull her tank top above bra-free titties. It was too dark to make out much detail, but my imagination filled in the gaps. In my mind I saw puffy areolas and thick, swollen cunt lips.

Zee bucked his hips off the ground and began jamming more urgently. I could tell he was getting close. I was getting close too. And when his finger penetrated my sphincter ring, my orgasm crashed over me like a fuckin' avalanche. A minute later Zee's spunk jetted deep into my twat, and a second, smaller climax rocked my body. The other girl had both hands working her cunt now. Soon her back arched, and I knew she was coming.

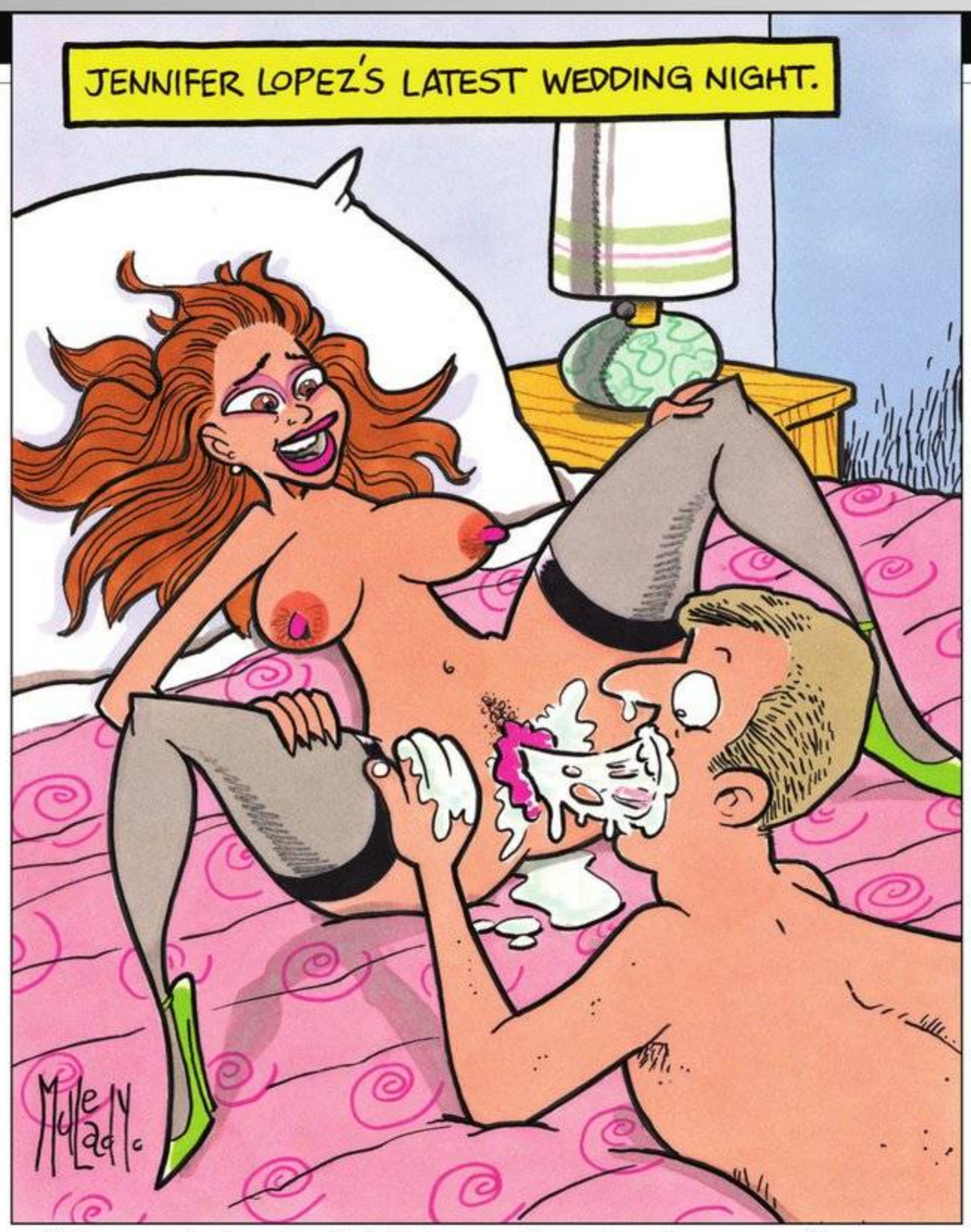
Above us, the crowd clapped and cheered.

—C.R.

Durham, New Hampshire

"It may seem silly in this day and age, Ted, but we've made Wendy promise to remain a virgin until she is married. But you can go balls-deep up her ass all day long if you like!"

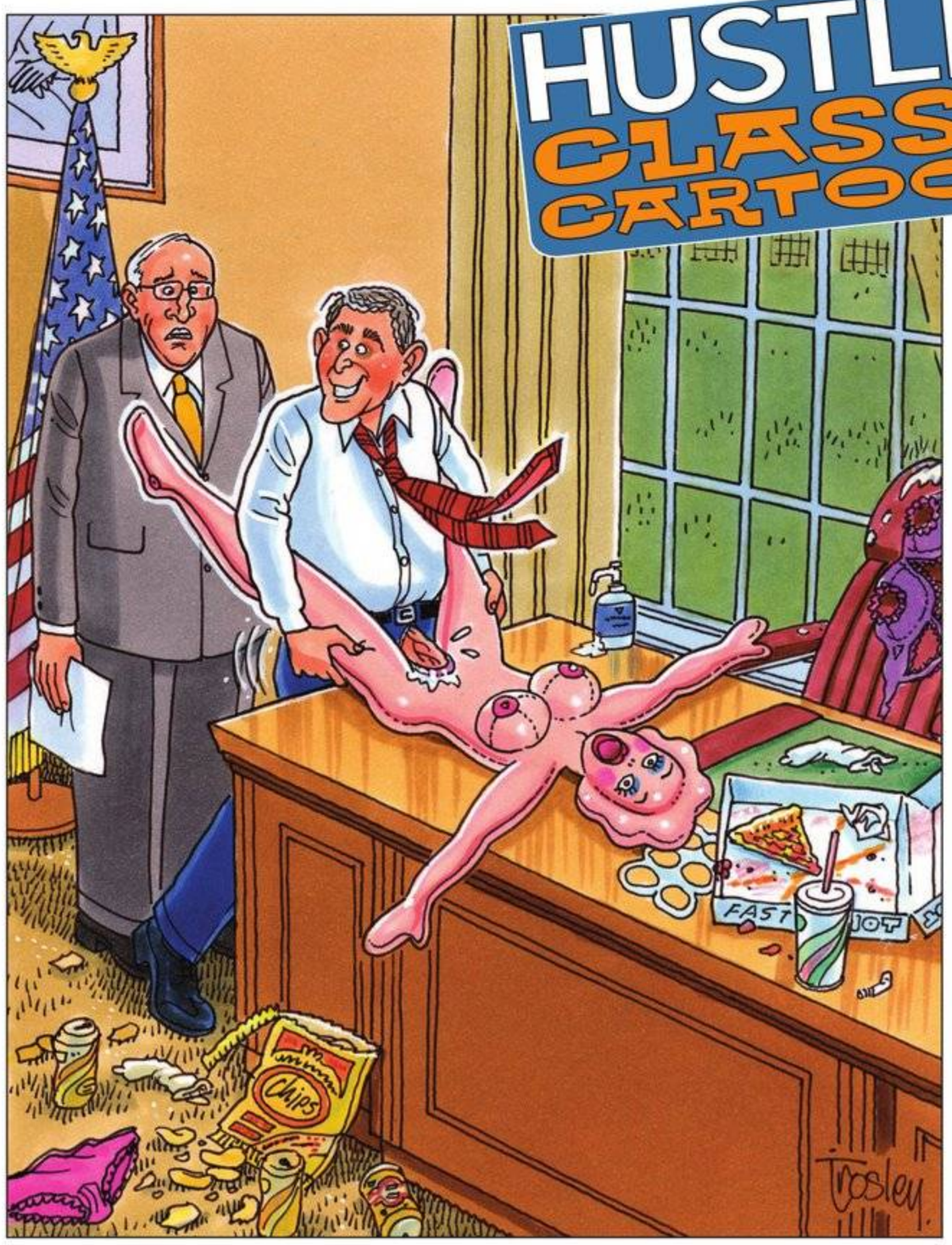
Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



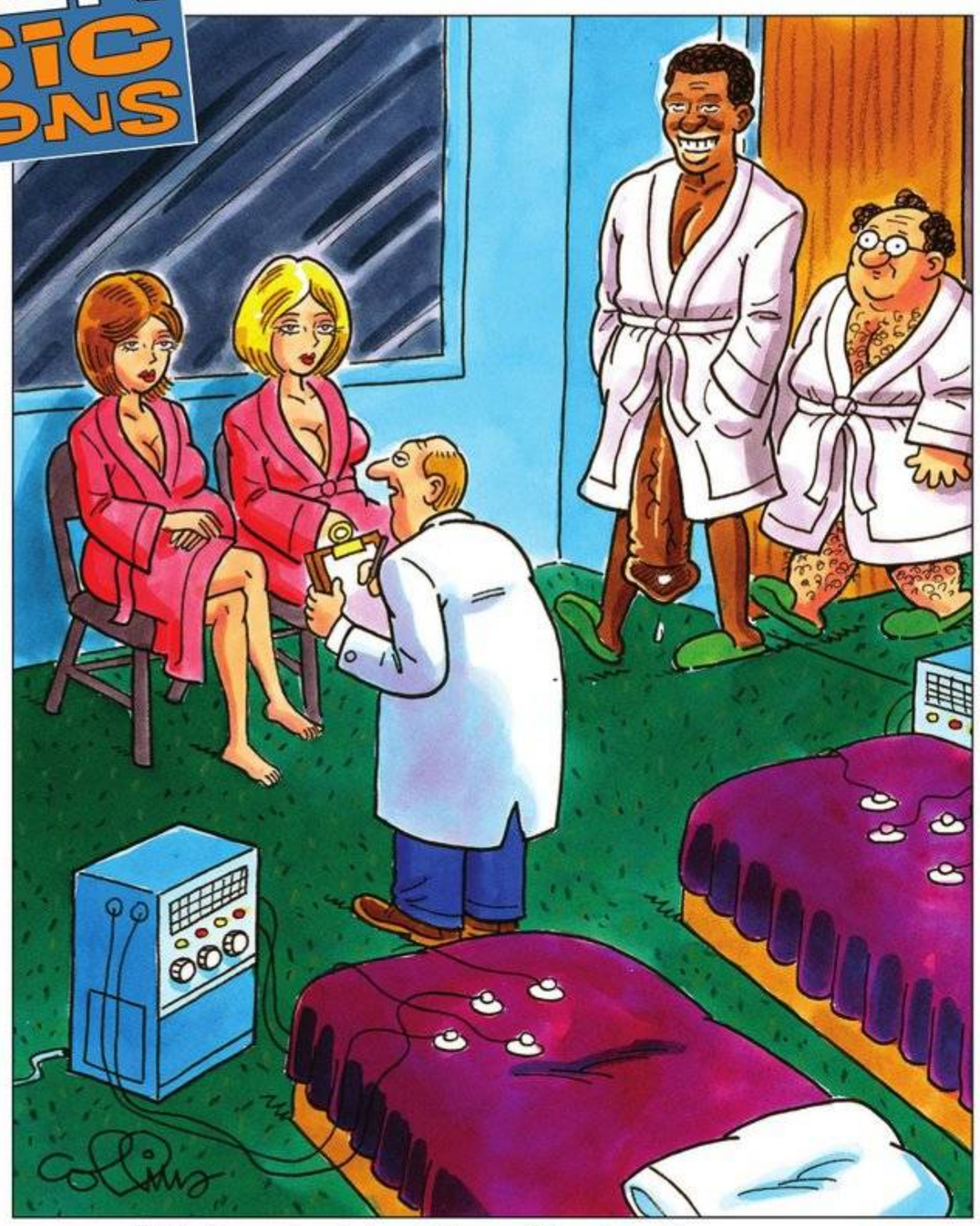
"Sorry, baby, I didn't have time to shower after my last wedding and divorce 30 minutes ago."

"Don't be frightened, Margaret. It's just an erection...it'll go away."

HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS



"No, George, it's not like college where you have four years to do anything you want to."



"We're studying the effects of orgasms, so one of you will have her brains fucked out while the other receives a placebo."

TEN BIG LIES!

DEADLY GAMBLE

NUCLEAR POWER AND YOU

WE'RE TOLD IT IS SAFE, BUT THE EVIDENCE

Advocates in government and the private sector are engaged in a massive drive to "revive" nuclear power. Here are ten big lies they're using to promote their deadly agenda:

1. No one in the United States has died as a result of nuclear power…and only 4,000 will die due to Chernobyl.

People died and are still dying from this country's biggest nuclear plant disaster: the partial meltdown at Unit 2 of the Three Mile Island facility in Pennsylvania. Lung cancer and leukemia rates downwind of the reactor were found to be two to ten times higher than upwind in years after the 1979 accident, according to research by Dr. Steven Wing, professor of epidemiology at the University of North Carolina School of Public Health.

The Radiation and Public Health Project (**Radiation.org**) has calculated tens of thousands of cancer deaths caused by the radioactivity released during the meltdown. "The accident had a devastating effect...especially for those who were infants and young children at the time," says Joseph Mangano, the organization's executive director.

In the book *Killing Our Own: The Disaster of America's Experience With Atomic Radiation*, its authors—including energy expert Harvey Wasserman and former U.S. Department of Energy official Robert Alvarez—declare: "People died at Three Mile Island."

My documentary *Three Mile Island Revisited* (**EnviroVideo.com**) reveals how the plant's owner has quietly paid out millions of dollars to

PHOTOS BY GETTY IMAGES

area residents for health impacts they and their loved ones suffered.

The 1986 explosion at Ukraine's Chernobyl plant was the worst nuclear disaster in the world. It probably shouldn't be a big surprise that the Chernobyl Forum—a group led by the International Atomic Energy Agency, an entity set up by the United Nations to promote nuclear power—reported in 2005 that only 56 people had died as a result of that accident. The final death toll, the Chernobyl Forum said, can be expected to reach no more than 4,000.

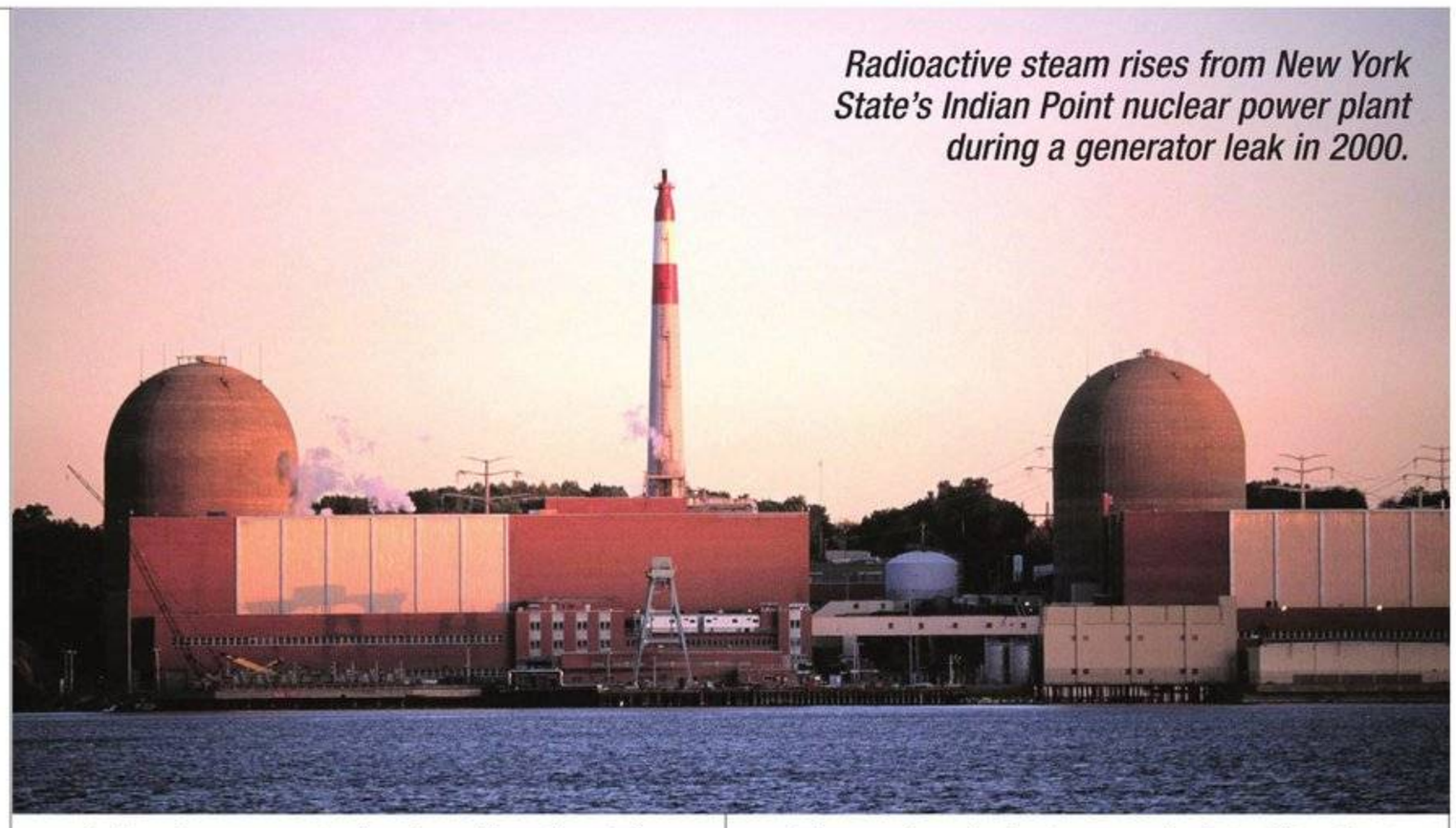
However, reporting in 2006 that "at least 500,000 people have already died" from the Chernobyl catastrophe was Nikolai Omelyanets, deputy head of the National Commission for Radiation Protection in Ukraine. Dr. Alexey Yablokov, environmental adviser to former Russian President Boris Yeltsin and now president of the Center for Russian Environmental Policy, calculates a death toll of 300,000.

In my television interview *The Truth About Chernobyl*, Dr. Vladimir Chernousenko—the nuclear physicist in charge of the Chernobyl clean-up—estimated that a million people will die due to the accident. (Our conversation can be viewed at **YouTube.com**.)

It doesn't take an accident for radioactivity to be emitted from a nuclear power plant. Because nuclear plants are not sealed, there are "routine releases" of krypton, xenon, tritium and other radioactive poisons. The Radiation and Public Health Project has documented rates of cancer being significantly higher "for distances of up to 40 miles" around nuclear plants due to such emissions.

2. Nuclear plants can't explode. Then how come Chernobyl's Unit 4 exploded? And, although the U.S. has a different design for its nuclear plants, ours can explode too. Nuclear physicist Dr. Richard E. Webb is the world expert on the problem. Indeed, the cover of his book *The Accident Hazards of Nuclear Power Plants* features an official U.S. government photo of a scaled-down nuclear plant exploding. This happened in the 1950s when the government conducted tests in Idaho on the explosive potential of nuclear plants.

We've been told that a meltdown or "China syndrome" accident is the worst mishap that can occur at a nuclear plant. It is caused by a stoppage in the massive amounts of water a nuclear plant needs to keep atom-splitting (or fission) in check. In fact, the worst-case scenario involves a control rod malfunction. There are approximately 200 control rods in a nuclear plant. A single control rod malfunction can trigger an exponential increase in the rate of fission, causing coolant water to flash to steam. A steam explosion will blow apart a plant's containment dome. That's what was tested for in Idaho.



Radioactive steam rises from New York State's Indian Point nuclear power plant during a generator leak in 2000.

Dr. Edward Teller, the scientist who led the development of the hydrogen bomb, warned that because of the threat of such a reactor explosion, nuclear plants must be built underground. They weren't.

In 1961 in Idaho a reactor named the SL-1—built to generate power at remote military installations—underwent a steam explosion and meltdown, killing three servicemen. The propelled control rod flew into the groin of one of the operators, pinning him, like a butterfly, to the ceiling of the reactor. His body was recovered, but it was so hot with radioactivity, he was buried in a lead-lined coffin at Arlington National Cemetery.

But forget steam explosions. Dr. Webb has written extensively about how plutonium breeder reactors can generate a cataclysmic atomic explosion.

3. A nuclear plant can withstand the impact of an incoming aircraft used as a missile. Concerns about nuclear plants being terrorist targets have existed for years. This concern was heightened after 9/11 when American Airlines Flight 11 flew over the two Indian Point nuclear plants just above New York City before crashing into the World Trade Center. Then came the revelation that al-Qaeda had been considering targeting nuclear plants. It still is.

The nuclear industry once insisted its plants were "robust" and could withstand such a hit. Earlier this year the U.S. Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC) stopped accepting this claim, ordering the builders of all new nuclear plants in the U.S. to do a "design-specific assessment of the effects of the impact of a large commercial aircraft." The industry would have to "avoid or mitigate to the extent practical" damage caused by a 9/11-like strike. But what about the existing 104 nuclear plants? They would be left as is—essentially "pre-deployed weapons of mass destruction," says Paul Gunter, director of the Reactor Oversight Program of the organization Beyond Nuclear (**BeyondNuclear.org**). "Public documents within the NRC confirm that these plants were never designed or constructed for aircraft impact, particularly explosion and fire."

4. Uranium fuel is abundant. Raw materials containing substantial amounts of high-grade uranium-235 are not abundant. "Startlingly, there's only a few decades left of the proven high-grade uranium ore it [nuclear power] needs for fuel," says Andrew Simms, policy director of the British think tank New Economics Foundation (**NewEconomics.org**).

The foundation stated in its 2005 report "Mirage and Oasis" that by one estimate "uranium reserves will be depleted in around four decades. … Even the International Atomic Energy Agency…estimates 'enough to last only another 85 years.'"

This limit is why the nuclear establishment has long believed nuclear energy will need to be based on man-made plutonium. But plutonium-fueled breeder reactors can explode like atomic bombs. Kay Drey, a board member of

INDICATES SOMETHING VERY DIFFERENT.

Beyond Nuclear, notes that "every" 1,000-megawatt uranium-fueled nuclear plant "generates enough plutonium every year to create at least 40 atomic bombs."

5. The "peaceful" atom. There has never been a "peaceful" atom. Any country with a nuclear facility has the materiel—the plutonium built up in a uranium reactor—to make nuclear weapons. Look at India. In 1974 it received a "civilian" reactor from Canada and training from the U.S. Presto: India had nuclear weapons.

6. France's nuclear "success" story. The French nuclear power program is a health and economic mess. A Beyond Nuclear report—"Nuclear Power and France: Setting the Record Straight"—discloses leukemia clusters in communities around France's La Hague nuclear reprocessing center. It notes that the facility discharges 100 million gallons of radioactive liquid waste yearly into the English Channel. Waters off La Hague have been "measured as 17 million times more radioactive than normal sea water," and this contamination has affected waters as far as the Arctic Circle.

French nuclear mishaps in 2008 included a radioactive leak from a plant near Avignon, polluting two rivers. Residents were warned not to drink water, swim or eat fish from the waterways. "There is no French love affair with nuclear energy, but rather a deep mistrust of this most secretive of industries," says Linda Gunter, a cofounder of Beyond Nuclear. A majority in France want nuclear power phased out, polling shows. There have been massive protests against construction of new plants.

In 2008, Global Chance (**Global-Chance.org**), a French research organization, issued a report declaring, "France today has no industrial solution for all its long-term radioactive wastes." It concludes that nuclear power in France is an "undemocratic choice."

7. Nuclear power is inexpensive. It's extremely expensive: $12 billion just to build a plant. "No private money anywhere in the world is being used to build new nuclear plants," states Michael Mariotte, executive director of the Nuclear Information & Resource Service (NIRS). "They are all being built with some sort of government subsidy."

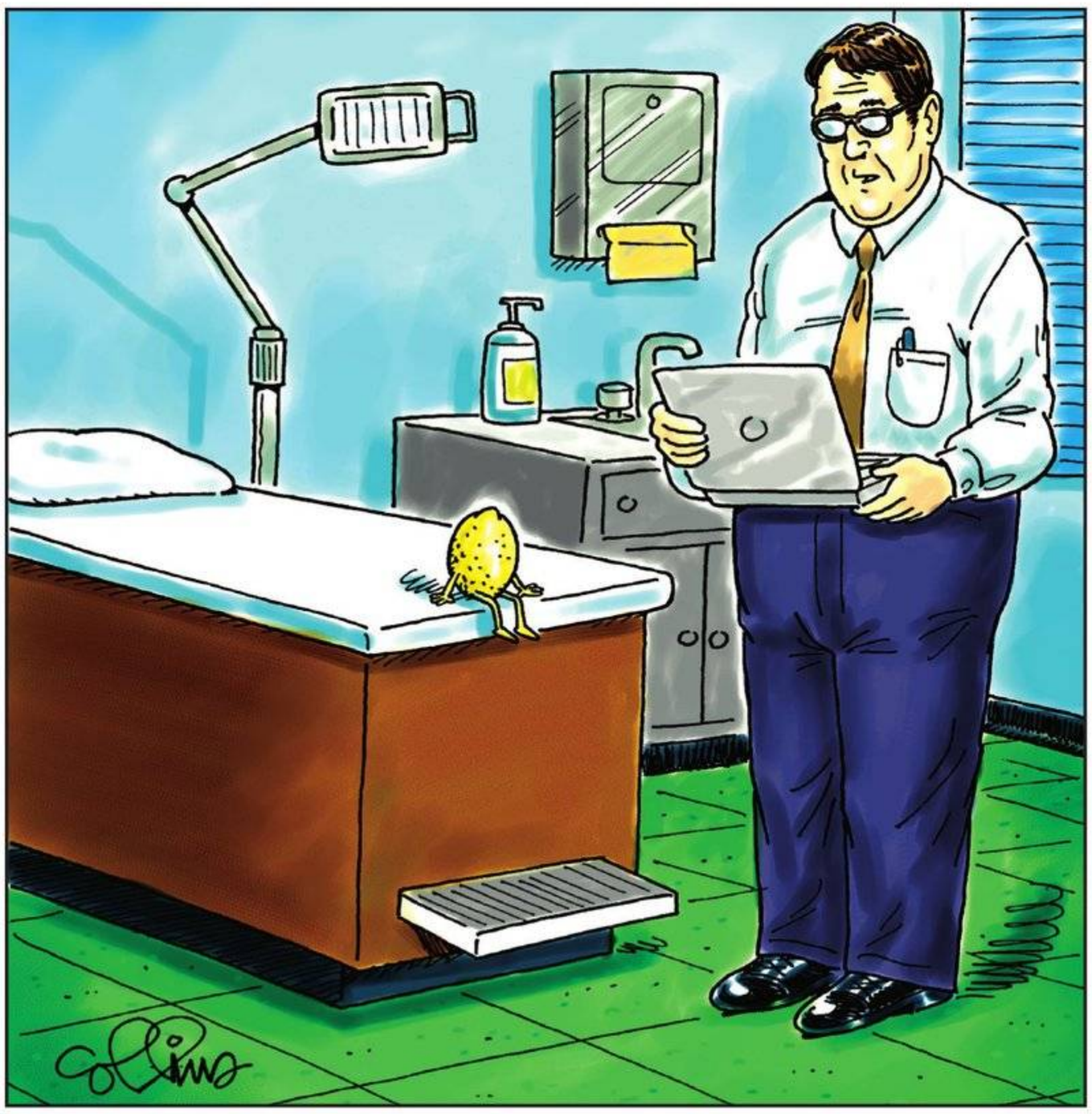
In 2008, with Wall Street unwilling to finance new nuclear plants, U.S. Senators Joseph Lieberman and John Warner advanced legislation to provide $544 billion for new nuclear plant development. (See my article "Half-Trillion Dollars for Nukes" at **CommonDreams.org/archive/2008/05/29/9268**.) That didn't pass, but the nuclear establishment is still pushing to get your tax dollars.

Physicist Amory Lovins, cofounder and chairman of the Rocky Mountain Institute (**RMI.org**), says, "It [nuclear power] costs about three times as much as wind power, which is booming."

The Nuclear Regulatory Commission and the Department of Energy's Sandia National Laboratories issued a report titled "Calculation of Reactor Accident Consequences for U.S. Nuclear Plants" (acronymmed CRAC-2). Every nuclear plant in the U.S. is evaluated as to "early fatalities" in the event of a meltdown with breach of containment. "Property damage" costs are estimated as high as $314 billion for a single accident. And that's in 1980 dollars, which would be tripled today. Deaths are estimated at 100,000.

Meanwhile, the 1957 Price-Anderson Act was passed to shield the nuclear industry from having to pay for those damages. That was made necessary because insurance companies refused to insure nuclear plants. It was supposed to be only temporary, but the act has been extended and extended.

Based on the Price-Anderson Act, all the nuclear industry would have to pay to compensate people for deaths, injuries and property damages in the event of a nuclear plant accident would be $10 billion—even though that's just a fraction of what CRAC-2 estimates would be the costs. (For more about CRAC-2, see **NIRS.org**.)



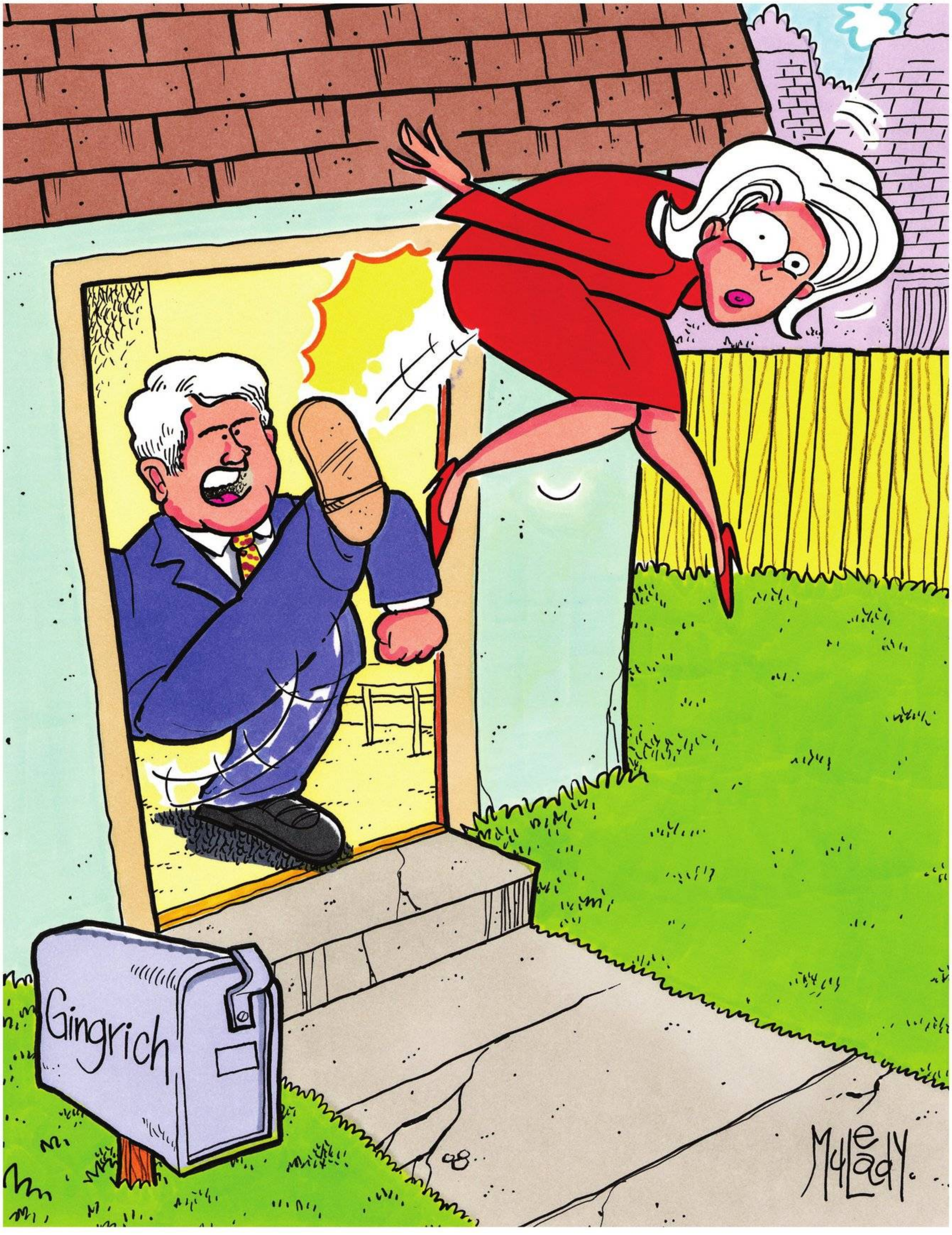
"The tests are conclusive: You have Lemonades."

8. Nuclear power doesn't contribute to global warming. This claim is part of the current push to "revive" nuclear power. What you're not supposed to know is that the overall nuclear "chain" or "cycle"—including uranium mining and milling, enrichment and fuel fabrication—generates significant greenhouse gas emissions.

In its report "Nuclear Power Can't Stop Climate Change," the Nuclear Information & Resource Service notes: "The nuclear industry conveniently omits [that] the emissions related to nukes are caused by the fossil fuel-intensive processes involved in uranium mining, conversion, enrichment, transport and construction. As a result nuclear power produces direct and indirect emissions of 73 to 230 grams of carbon dioxide per killowatt hour of electricity produced. Wind and solar, by comparison, are virtually greenhouse-gas free, recouping construction emissions in the first years of operation."

"Nuclear power makes a substantial contribution to global warming," says Michel Lee, chair of the Council on Intelligent Energy & Conservation Policy.

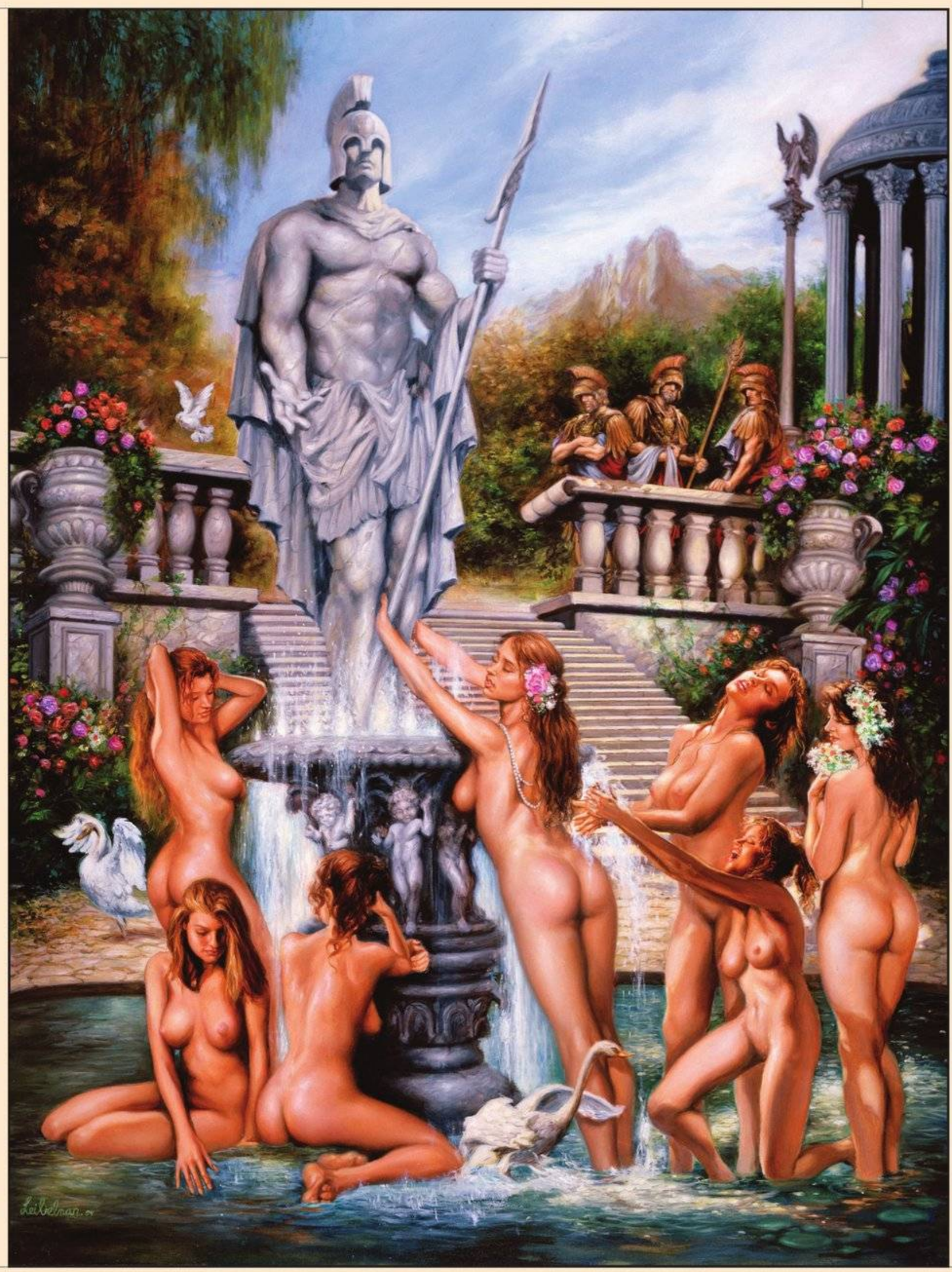
9. Nuclear power is needed. In fact, there's absolutely no need to undergo the life-threatening dangers of nuclear power. In a 2008 edition on safe, renewable energy technologies, the prestigious British magazine *New Scientist* pointed to a United Nations report declaring that "renewable energy that can already be harnessed eco- *(continued on page 74)*



"If I'm gonna run for President in 2012, I'll have to upgrade to a younger, hotter wife. You're outta here!"

Nudes of LEO LEIBELMAN

Artist's love affair with "tasteful" ladies.



Leo Leibelman has a blessed life. Born in Russia and raised in New York City, he has become such a renowned artist that women ask *him* to draw them in the nude. "It's a great experience!" Leibelman enthuses. "A beautiful girl comes up and says, 'Can I model for you?'"

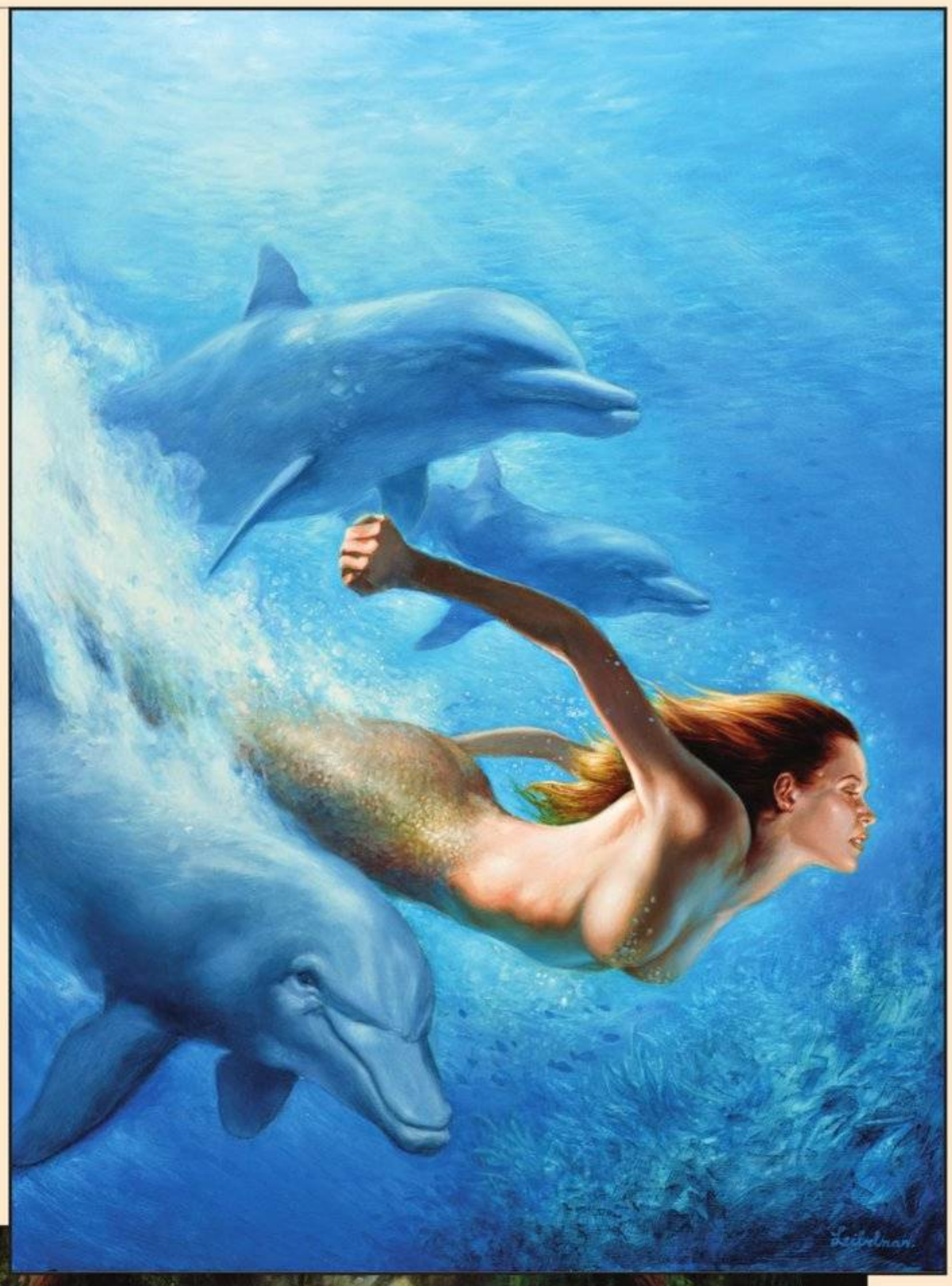
As a teenager with creative ambitions, Leibelman attended the High School of Music & Art in Manhattan, doodling comic art in his free time. After graduating, he took drawings of his favorite character—Robert E. Howard's Conan the Barbarian—to a comic book convention, where he was spotted by an editor at Marvel.

"Luckily he was the editor of *Conan*," Leibelman recalls. "If he had been, like, the *Spider-Man* guy, I never would've gotten hired. It was just a matter of being the right person at the right time."

Leibelman went on to draw for such titles as *Thor*, *Tarzan*, *Hercules*, *Vampirella*, *Turok: Dinosaur Hunter* and the card game *Magic: The Gathering*. "I've always had a thing for fantasy—sword-and-sorcery kind of stuff," the artist asserts.

But his portfolio would eventually become more provocative. While working as a bouncer at the Brass Rail, a Toronto strip joint, Leibelman would ask the G-string divas to model for him.

LEO LEIBELMAN



"Some of the dancers I still keep in contact with," he says, "and occasionally they will pose for me."

Leibelman, who's lived in Canada since 1996, confides, "I've always been an admirer of the female form. I like drawing nude women, but tastefully—nothing too explicit, the classical way of drawing the nude figure."

Leibelman, who cites Frank Frazetta and Boris Vallejo as his influences, admits, "When I'm not drawing superheroes, it's definitely a lot more fun drawing sexy women. First, I'll do a bunch of sketches before I show [the model] what I have in mind. The paintings sort of develop from there."

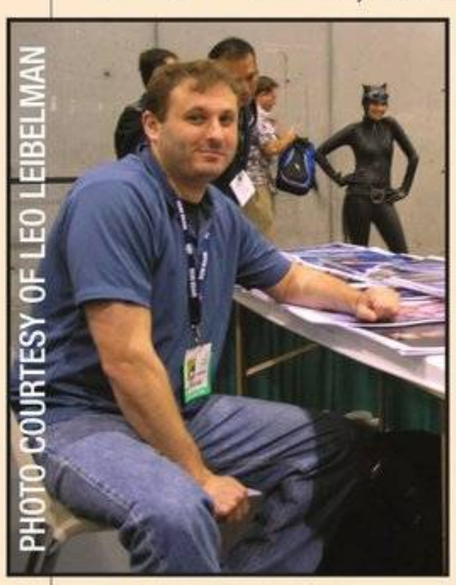


PHOTO COURTESY OF LEO LEIBELMAN

When asked if he's dated any of his immodest subjects, he responds, "I've dated a few here and there, but nothing serious."

Leibelman has also done art for the films *Chicago* and *Skinwalkers*, as well as the TV shows *Queer as Folk*, *Earth: Final Conflict* and ESPN's *Codebreakers.* Additionally, he has teamed up with a company called Primeval Forest, which markets lithographs of his Tarzan drawings.

"It's actually my dream job," Leibelman remarks, "because I love that whole Tarzan/Conan thing. They're paying me to do basically what I love to do."

You can see more of Leo Leibelman's work at **SerendipityArtSales.net**.

Favorite

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY

Female

MADISON SCOTT

Porn starlet **Madison Scott** is a giver: "I love sucking cock. However, I don't want to say it's my favorite thing, because I love everything when it comes to sex. There's just something about oral with either a guy or a girl that feels more personal. People may say I'm orally fixated. I guess that's true."

Madison Scott *is* open to everything: "Anal is always an option, even on the first date. I love the shocked look that comes across a guy's face when I suggest it. Most of them can't believe how lucky they are to find a girl who's into butt-fucking. I sometimes prefer it—unless a guy has a huge cock. Then it's only going into my pussy."

Madison Scott is our new favorite: "I will fuck and suck any guy who wants me to. If I could, I would line up all the readers of HUSTLER and get them off. Making guys feel good is my life's goal. Maybe if I couldn't service all the readers, I could at least stop by the HUSTLER offices and do all the guys there!"

We told you this porn star was our favorite! Hey, **Madison**, we're in the Larry Flynt Building in Beverly Hills. Hope to see you soon.

Watch **Madison Scott** heat up *Barely Legal: All By Myself #3*, *Barely Legal Babysitters*, *Barely Legal: Virgin Stories*, *Daddy! Please Stop Fucking My Friends* and *This Ain't the Partridge Family XXX* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

MADISON SCOTT'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Chandler, Arizona | AGE: 20 | BIRTH SIGN: Cancer | HEIGHT: 5-1 | WEIGHT: 100

Christine Nguyen

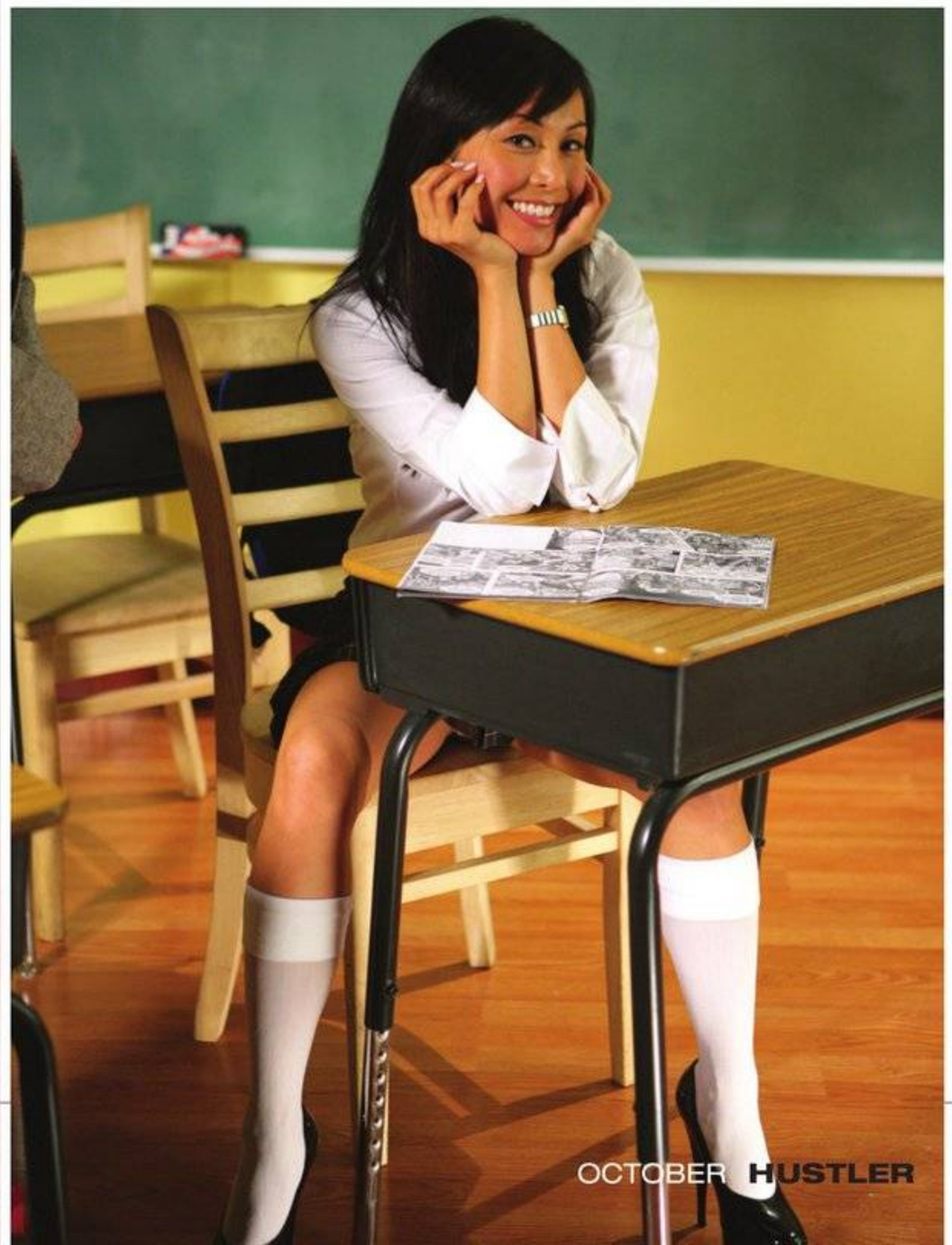
Half-Vietnamese and 100% American, this exotic model and actress is guaranteed to stop traffic.

Think vintage Mary Tyler Moore. Now add almond eyes, golden skin, a remarkable bust and killer gams. If only the doll had a last name that wasn't a tongue twister.

"Everybody messes it up," Christine Nguyen acknowledges, settling into her seat at an L.A. sidewalk café. "It's pronounced win, as in a win-win situation." Just like the lady herself, who's ubiquitous via print ads, commercials, bikini and nude layouts, DVD movies and a sexy reality TV series, *Mystical Journeys: The Search for Miss Mystique.*

PHOTOS BY DAN GOLDEN

"I was born in Saigon but raised in Houston," Christine relates, "so I grew up speaking both languages. I had a commercial audition scheduled this morning. For the past couple of days I rehearsed to lose my American accent, so my Vietnamese sounded natural. This morning I thought, *I can't do this. It's not me.* It's not as if I can afford to turn down work, but it's just not who I am, so I canceled." She shrugs. "Things work out. Otherwise I wouldn't be here!"



CHRISTINE NGUYEN

Nguyen's demure summer outfit graces a dynamite bod—5-foot-6, 34C-24-34, a slim 105 pounds—that has been displayed in dozens of magazines, including *Maxim*, *Sports Illustrated* and *Marie Claire*. "I got into modeling in high school," she recalls. "I majored in journalism, then went on to law school, but I didn't want to be a lawyer. My mom was always concerned that I'd better get 'a real job.' But I work at modeling and acting—constantly. *(continued on page 89)*

PHOTO COURTESY MACANDBUMBLE.COM

PROS

MERCILESS MEA

For many athletes the price of fame, glory and a big paycheck has been steep—broken bones, paralysis, even sudden death!

Starry-eyed youngsters dreaming of a career in professional sports imagine nothing but wealth and glory. Those naive kids usually picture themselves as another Derek Jeter (four World Series rings, $189-million contract, notches on his bedpost denoting virtually every A-list starlet and songstress in this country) or Tom Brady (three Super Bowl victories, lucrative endorsements, his cock regularly sucked by a Brazilian supermodel). The truth is, Jeter and Brady are anomalies. Yes, pro sports offer riches and renown, but each new recruit runs the risk of feeding a meat grinder that chews up healthy bodies and spits out broken men. The pressure to perform through injury just to keep their jobs requires herculean physical sacrifice and sometimes leads to calamity.

BASEBALL: Thanks to a cowhide spheroid hurtling around the baseball diamond at speeds exceeding 100 m.p.h., even "noncontact" sports like America's pastime have proven perilous over the years. In 1957, Cleveland Indians pitcher **Herb Score**'s face was smashed to bits by a batted ball, while in '67 a pitch to the eye of Boston Red Sox slugger **Tony Conigliaro** left his head as shattered as a Halloween pumpkin. While those incidents effectively ended the promising career of each player, it could have been worse: In 1970 **Manny Mota**

PHOTOS: GETTY IMAGES

SPORTS T GRINDER

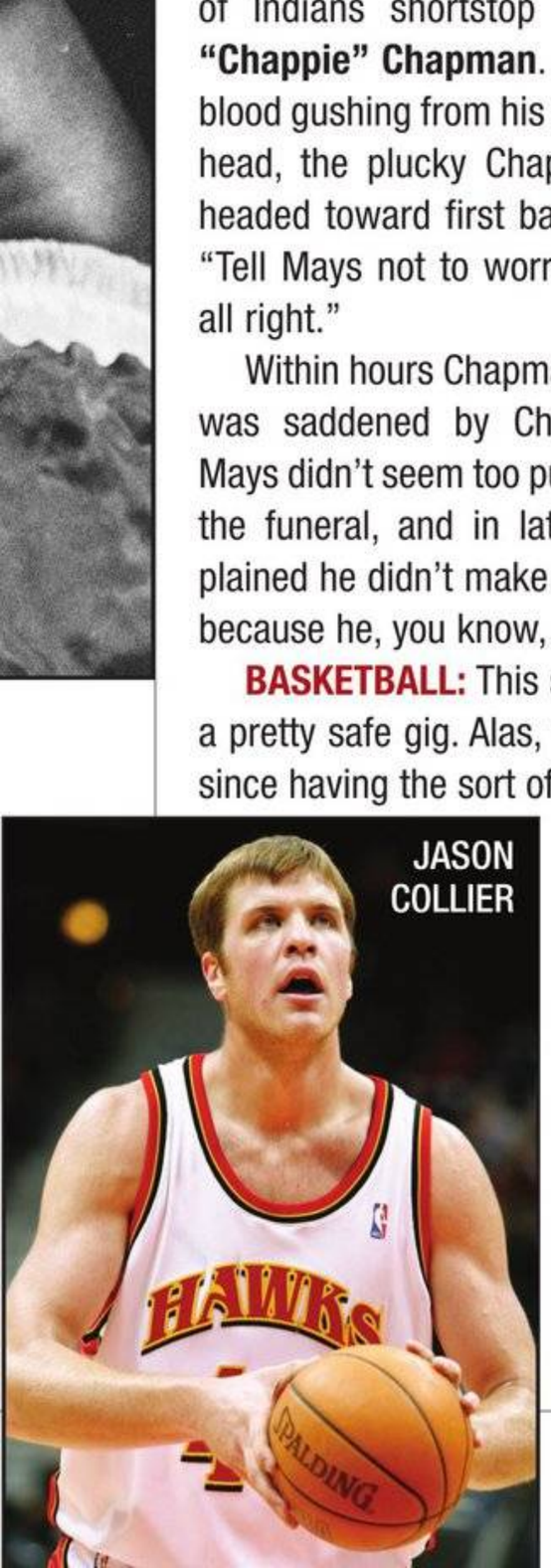
hit a line drive into the stands behind the Los Angeles Dodgers' dugout, killing a 14-year-old fan, while in 2007 minor league first base coach **Mike Coolbaugh** was struck dead by a batted ball.

RAY "CHAPPIE" CHAPMAN

Major League Baseball's deadliest pitch of all time was tossed in 1920 when the New York Yankees' **Carl Mays** submarined a fastball directly off the noggin of Indians shortstop **Ray "Chappie" Chapman**. With blood gushing from his forehead, the plucky Chapman headed toward first base before collapsing. "Tell Mays not to worry," he muttered. "I'm all right."

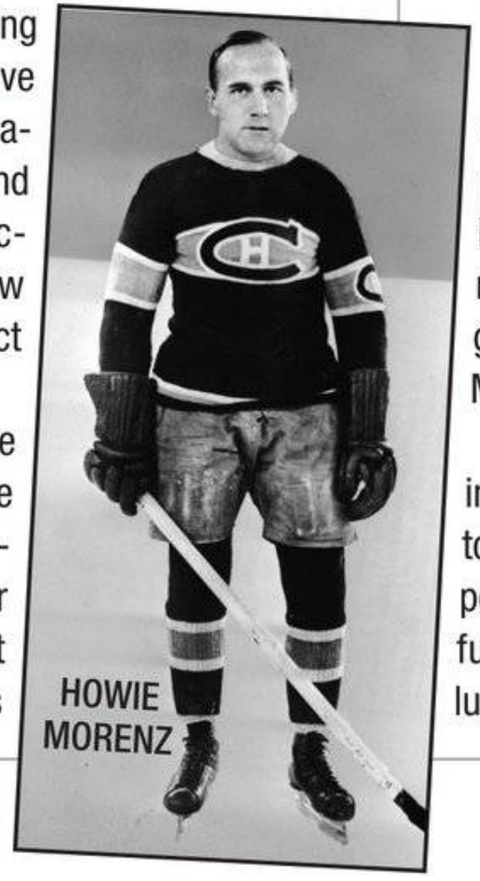
Within hours Chapman was dead. America was saddened by Chappie's passing, but Mays didn't seem too put off. He didn't attend the funeral, and in later years often complained he didn't make the Hall of Fame only because he, you know, killed a guy.

BASKETBALL: This sport might seem like a pretty safe gig. Alas, that would be wrong, since having the sort of freakishly large body that allows one to succeed at pro hoops often dooms players to an early grave. In 2005 seven-footer **Jason Collier** of the Atlanta Hawks dropped dead of cardiac arrest resulting from an "abnormally large heart," while in 1993 Boston Celtics forward **Reggie Lewis** collapsed while shooting baskets, a victim of his own bad ticker (hypertrophic cardiomyopathy). In 1990 prospective pro **Hank Gaithers** was on the court when he succumbed to the same malady. In 1986, just days after signing his first pro contract, **Len Bias** keeled over and died from his own coronary problem. Of course, Bias's heart maybe shouldn't be blamed for its sudden failure, as it went kaput only after Len dunked his face into a big ol' pile of cocaine.


JASON COLLIER

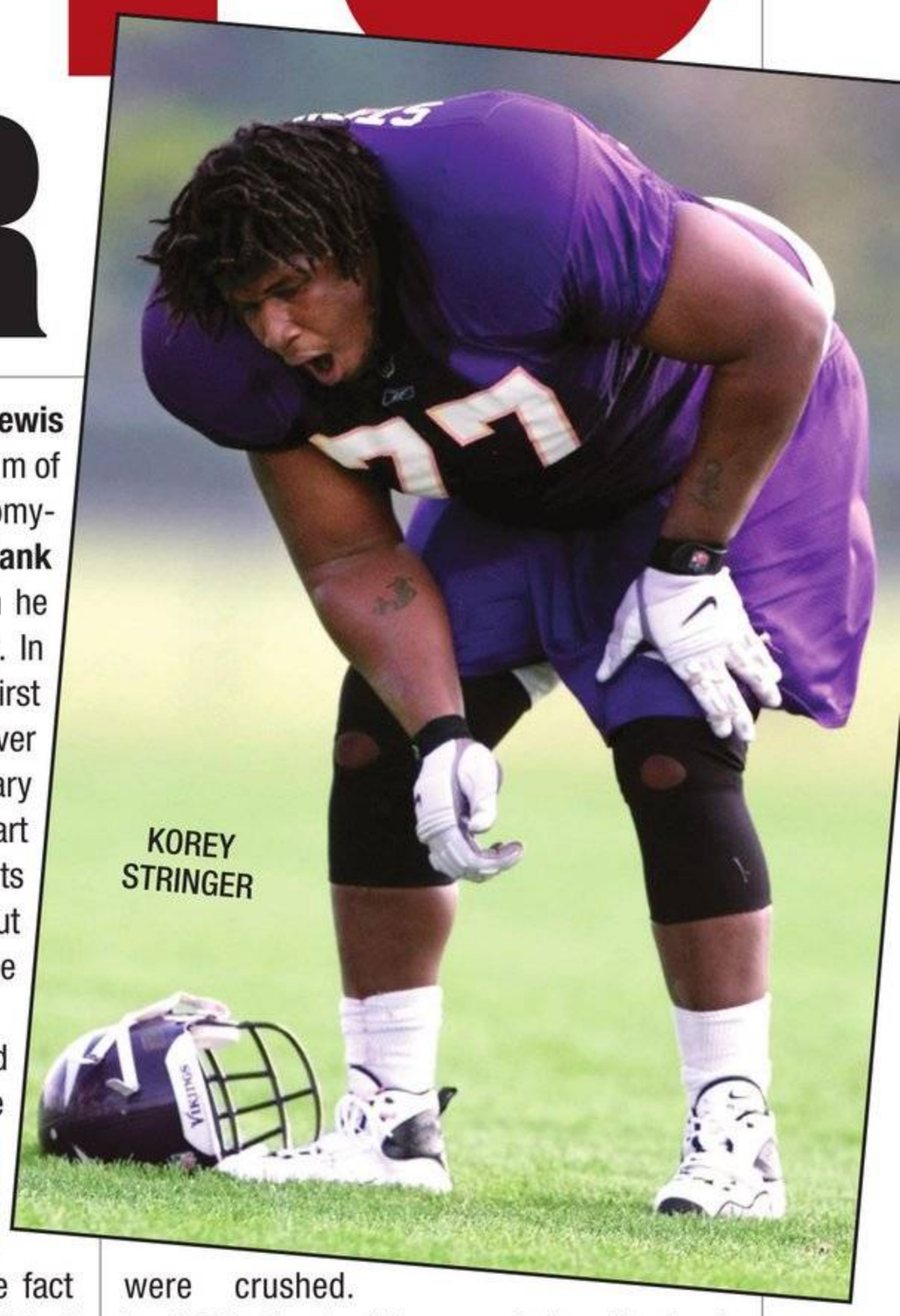
HOCKEY: Feisty rivals speed around a slick, confined surface while wielding long sticks, thereby explaining the gap-toothed grins that have long characterized the violent sport. More chilling than trips to the dentist is the fact that pro hockey has literally left a handful of players "on ice." In 2004 ten-year NHL veteran **Sergei Zholtok** died of a cardiac attack while playing professionally in a Latvian league. In 2008, during a game in his native Russia, the combination of a bad heart and performance-enhancing drugs killed New York Rangers prospect **Alexei Cherepanov**.

Other players have been sent to the penalty box for eternity not because their tickers gave out, but because their bodies were crushed.


HOWIE MORENZ

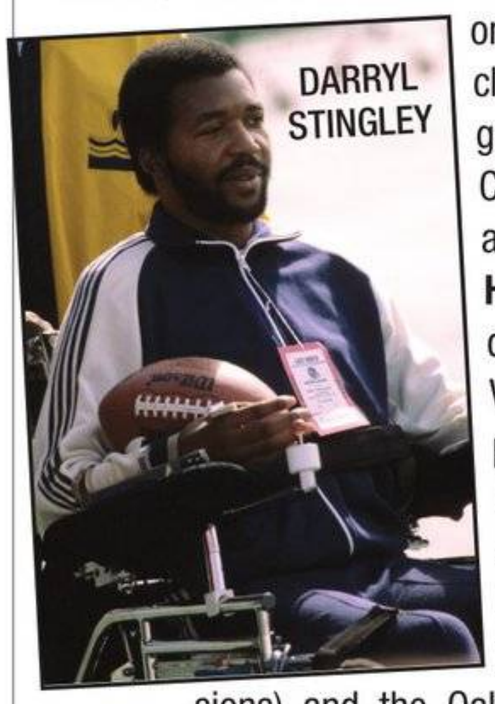
In 1937 **Howie Morenz** of the Montreal Canadiens had his leg shattered by a thunderous body check, and six weeks later a blood clot killed him. In 1968, before helmets were mandatory, **Bill Masterton** of the Minnesota North Stars was viciously checked by two Oakland Seals (hockey players, not marine animals), cracking his bare head against the ice. A teammate rushing to Masterton's aid heard him groan, "Never again!" He was right; Masterton died two days later.

FOOTBALL: Professional football involves convoluted strategies to score touchdowns, but its more immediate purpose is for huge, psychotic dudes to smash full-speed into the equally monstrous lunatics on the opposing team. Gridiron


KOREY STRINGER

injuries have included every type of broken bone and busted head, not to mention occasional paralysis. In 1978 New England Patriots wide receiver **Darryl Stingley** had his neck broken while reaching up to make a catch. In 1991 Detroit Lions lineman **Mike Utley** suffered a spinal cord injury when he was slammed to the turf.

Neither man ever walked again, but at least they weren't killed, a claim any number of former pros can't make. During the 1960 AFL season, **Howard Glenn** of the New York Titans suffered a broken neck one Sunday afternoon. His personal game clock expired by the end of that day. Post-game heart attacks killed members of the Chicago Cardinals (**Stan Mauldin**, 1948) and San Francisco 49ers (**Thomas Herrion**, 2005), while heat stroke struck down **Korey Stringer** at the Minnesota Vikings' training camp in 2001. Even the pros who managed to retire without playing themselves to death still carry the scars of their careers, including Dallas Cowboys legend **Troy Aikman** (who hung up his cleats only after ten concussions) and the Oakland Raiders' **Jim Otto** (who endured almost 70 surgeries and had his right leg amputated in 2007). Consider that the life expectancy of an NFL veteran is only 62 years, roughly ten years fewer than the average American man.


DARRYL STINGLEY

BOXING: Without getting into neurological minutiae, when an unprotected skull is walloped regularly by a balled-up fist, it is inevitably

DALE EARNHARDT'S FATAL CRASH

reduced to mush. Clear-cut evidence is the impaired verbal and motor functions of aging ex-pugs like **Muhammad Ali**, **Joe Frazier** and **Randall "Tex" Cobb**.

There's also a long list of fighters who strode into the ring with championship dreams only to be dragged out feetfirst, notably: **Benny "Kid" Paret**, beaten to death in a bout with Emile Griffith; **Davey Moore**, a featherweight sent to the undertaker by not-so-sweet Ultiminio "Sugar" Ramos; and **Duk-Koo Kim**, a Korean lightweight knocked out for eternity by the aptly named Ray "Boom-Boom" Mancini. Within months of Kim's demise, the boxer's mother and the referee of his final bout both committed suicide, leading one wag to suggest Mancini's nickname should have been "Boom-Boom-Boom."

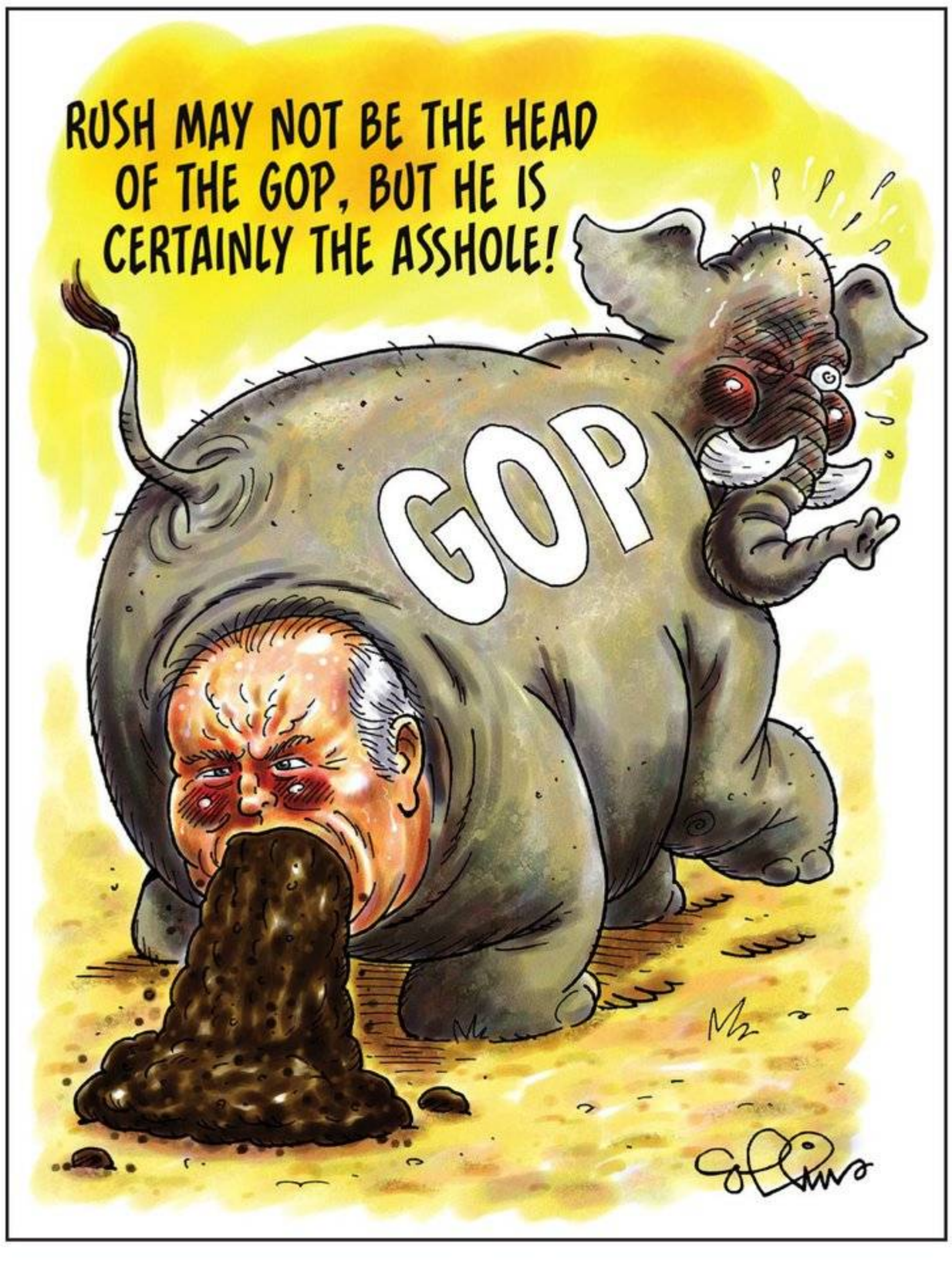
MOTORSPORTS: The brevity of this article precludes a complete list of "athletes" killed in auto racing accidents, but special mention must be made of two spectacular on-track deaths. **Glen Roberts**, who earned his nickname as a hard-throwing baseball pitcher, segued into racing, then perished in a fiery crash in 1964. His horribly ironic nickname: Fireball.

Racing fans will never forget **Dale Earnhardt**'s redefinition of "taking one for the team" at the 2001 Daytona 500. "The Intimidator" literally killed himself on the final lap, heroically protecting the lead of the teammates in front of him—eventual winner Michael Waltrip and his son, Dale Earnhardt Jr., who finished second.

EPILOGUE: The major contact sports have at their core the idea of pushing the human body to the limits of endurance—or farther. There are those among us who truly get a kick out of witnessing that rare moment when something goes horribly wrong. Then there are sports like tennis or golf, so gentrified that the most violence you'd ever see is a loudmouth like John McEnroe screaming at a judge, or some duffer heaving a club after a lousy shot.

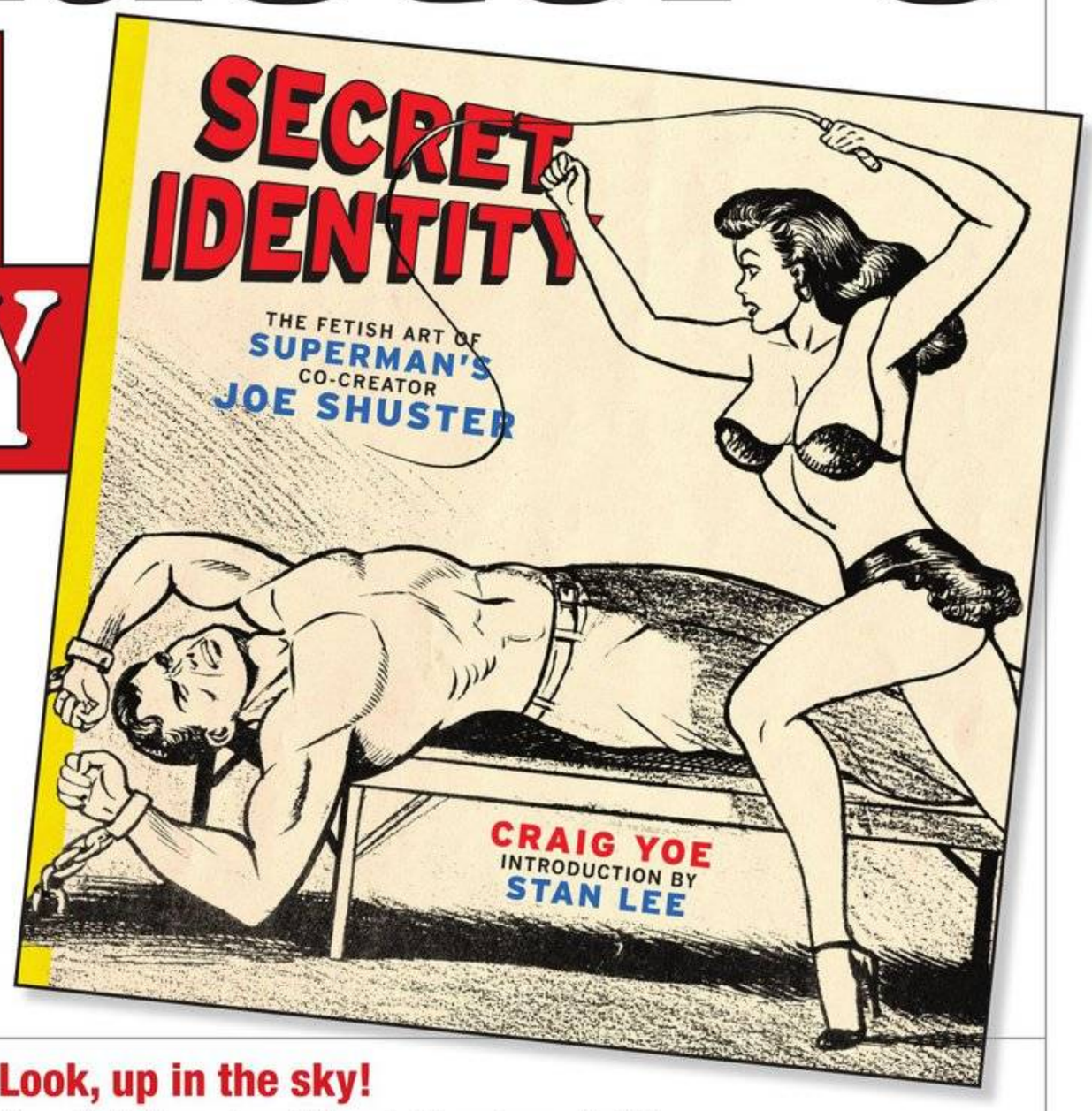
The most notable death of a pro golfer occurred not on the links but in a South Dakota cornfield, where **Payne Stewart**'s Learjet crashed and burned. While Stewart was a player much beloved by photographers for his extensive wardrobe of cutesy, old-school outfits, not everyone was sympathetic to his plight. "Karma can be a bitch," one disgruntled sports fan grumbled. "You prance around in knickers and tam o'shanters all day long, you'll get what's coming to you."

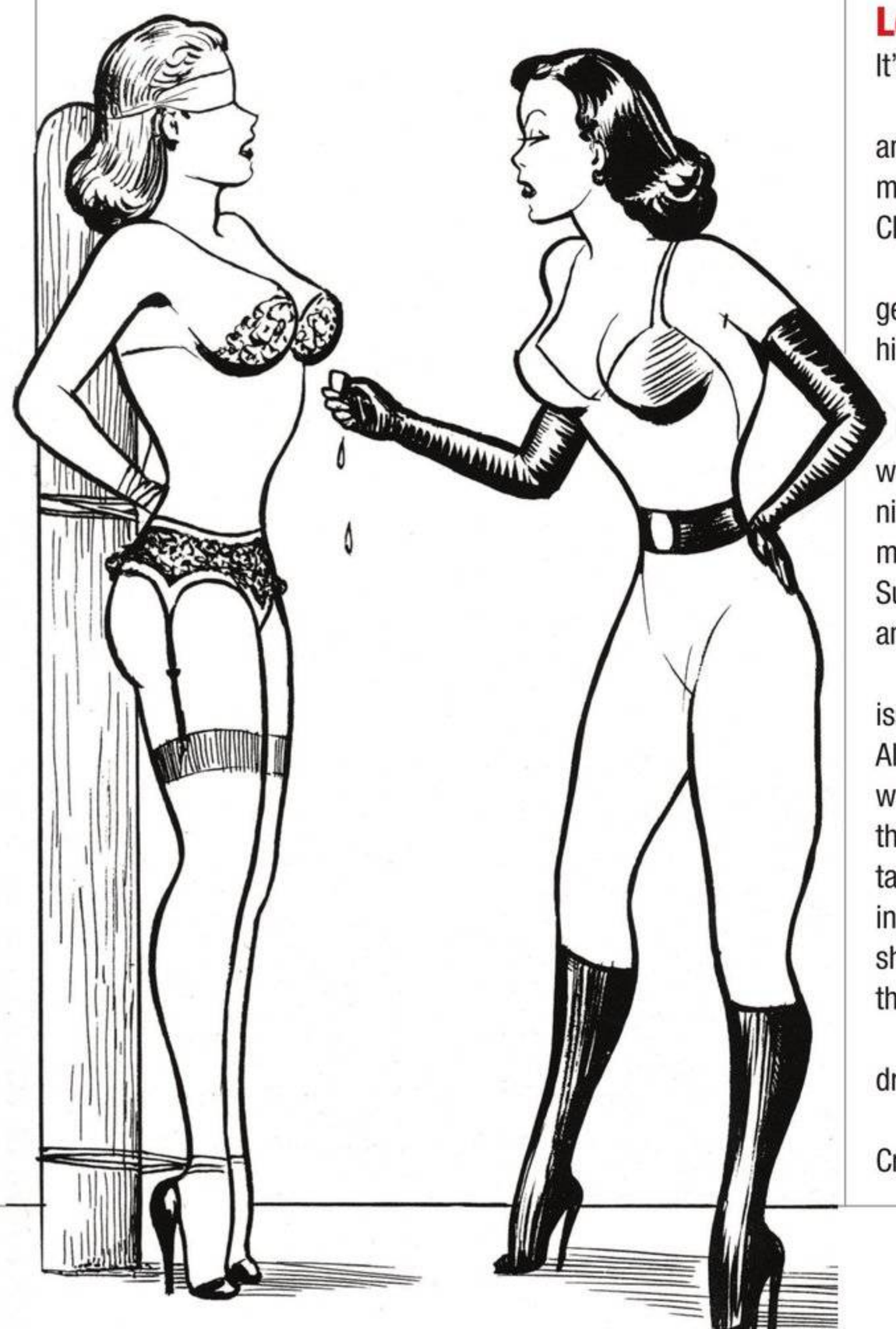
After wasting a decade and a half of his life in a foolish career, Todd Farley became a freelance writer. Today he lives in New York City, where he writes about sports, sex and standardized testing.



Joe Shuster's SECRET IDENTITY

THE EROTIC ART OF SUPERMAN'S CO-CREATOR EXPOSED.



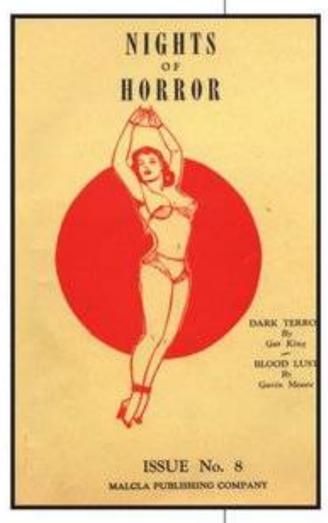


Look, up in the sky!

It's a bird! It's a plane! It's a hot bondage chick?!

Secret Identity: The Fetish Art of Superman's Co-creator Joe Shuster is an unexpected collection of little-known erotica from one of DC Comics' most important illustrators. Seems the guy responsible for Superman and Clark Kent had his own secret life.

As was the standard for most early comic book artists, Joe Shuster did not get rich bringing the iconic Man of Steel to life. In the 1950s he actually sued his former employer, DC Comics, to gain the copyright for his creation.



Down on his luck and close to destitute, Shuster started drawing sexually charged images to pay the bills. These works, based on the real-life deeds of the sadistic neo-Nazi juvenile gang the Brooklyn Thrill Killers, appeared in an underground magazine called *Nights of Horror*. Ultimately banned by the U.S. Supreme Court, the series was produced in limited quantities and only sold "under the counter" in seedy bookstores.

They remained long forgotten until Craig Yoe discovered an issue of *Nights of Horror* in the back of a used-book shop. Although the artwork wasn't signed, Shuster's distinctive style was instantly recognizable to Yoe, who then set out to collect a full set of these rare publications. Once several comic experts determined with certainty that Shuster was the illustrator, Yoe decided to publish a book featuring 160 pages of these drawings and sketches. Some images are downright shocking, even by today's gonzo porn standards. We can only imagine how the more uptight audiences of the 1950s reacted.

If you've ever pictured Superman getting whipped by Lois Lane, your dreams have come true.

Secret Identity: The Fetish Art of Superman's Co-creator Joe Shuster by Craig Yoe is at book retailers now.

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Getting Fucked by the Legal System

Does the law have a double standard when sentencing porn stars?

I've been photographing cutting-edge erotica for 36 years. For the last 21 of them I have shot numerous layouts of **Janine Lindemulder** (or simply **Janine**, as most of the world knows her). One thing's for sure when **Janine** is modeling for you: It's never formula T&A. Her classic beauty and hotness would be enough, but she brings something special that few other performers have: a talent that is deep, unpredictable and spontaneous. When she decided to do this shoot with **Vanity**, I was shocked and intrigued, but not surprised.

PHOTOGRAPHY AND TEXT BY EARL MILLER

VANITY & JANINE

"Wow," **Janine** exclaimed at the halfway point. "It's like making love with a guy and a girl at the same time, only both are the same person. And it's better!"

From a straight guy's perspective, **Vanity** is disturbingly sexy. She has an exotically beautiful face and a hot body from head to toe, from the back and waist up the front. Her voice is totally girlish, as are her mannerisms and personality. Damn seductive. It's just that **Vanity** has a dick. Yikes!

We created **FreeJanine.com** because **Janine** has been sentenced to federal prison for tax issues, and she needs income to support her son and hopefully build up some bucks to address her tax debt. Around the same time **Janine** failed to pay her taxes, so did Timothy Geithner, President Obama's Treasury Secretary. She goes to prison, while he gets to apologize and run the IRS. Justice at work.

For the Web site we spent two solid months shooting a ton of original photo-sets and videos: solo, girl/girl and boy/girl with great porn stars like Jessica Jaymes, Kayden Kross, Tommy Gunn and Johnny Castle. In addition, Vivid provided **Janine**'s 54 favorite scenes from all her movies. Our way-back photo roundup features sets and vids from her entire career, including friends' galleries from Suze Randall, Ken Marcus and Steven Hicks. For you more adventurous viewers, we have a selection of **Vanity**'s vids and layouts.

Ars Vitae Propria

Janine's life has been dramatic, from her illustrious adult career, her marriage to Jesse James and now her time in prison. That's why I'm sure the book she is writing will be as deep, unpredictable and spontaneous as her talent. Titillating for sure, but much, much more.

You can see the full hard-core video of **Janine** and **Vanity** only at **FreeJanine.com**. Come take a walk on the wild side!

FREE JANINE

www.freejanine.com

PORN STAR KARAOKE:

ORAL TALENTS, AURAL PLEASURES

A NIGHT OUT AT AMERICA'S MOST RISQUÉ SINGALONG HOEDOWN.

SUNNY LANE

The karaoke hostess, who looks like she stepped out of Central Casting for a part as "Blond Hottie," beams at the crowd, revealing a near-perfect set of pearlies. While nothing seems too extraordinary about Lizzy—after all, the Los Angeles basin is filled to the brim with attractive women just like her—what comes out of the looker's mouth is anything but conventional: "Who wants a double penetration video?"

Lizzy's query is met with an enthusiastic collective howl. Rewarding the person who screamed the loudest, she hands the DVD to a drunken fellow. He walks off all smiles, no doubt anxious to get home to give his new toy a spin.

Welcome to Porn Star Karaoke.

Sammi Ross, a buxom African-American woman, takes over the microphone to wail away at "Tom Sawyer" by Rush, doing a not-half-bad job of it. When Sammi finishes, I approach her to ask if she'll hold up a copy of HUSTLER for a quick pic. Flashing a big smile, she agrees.

JESSICA DRAKE & BRAD ARMSTRONG

PHOTOS BY BIG MIKE

BY ERIC ALTHOFF

PORN STAR KARAOKE

KAYDEN KROSS AND THE EVENING'S HOSTESS

Sammi is one of the many adult-industry performers who flock to Sardo's Grill & Lounge in Burbank, California, when it hosts Porn Star Karaoke. Thanks to owner Seymour Satin, the XXX songbirds have a weekly spot to hang out and be gawked at.

"One day nearly six years ago," he recalls, "eight porn stars walked in. They wanted to participate in the karaoke. They said it might be crazy but that they'd try to control themselves." Right.

JAYME LANGFORD AND SABRINA ROSE.

From the outside, Sardo's looks unassuming enough. The establishment sits in a nondescript strip mall at the extreme eastern edge of Porn Valley, a hulk-sized bouncer checking IDs at the door the only indicator that something special is going on inside.

Seymour explains that not only does PSK—as it is known locally—give porn girls a place to utilize their singing prowess, but it also gives fans a chance to see, meet and chat with their favorite video vixens. "When you want to see a movie star, you go to Jerry's Deli," he says of the famous L.A. eatery. "But when you want to see a porn star, you come to Sardo's on Tuesday nights."

PORN STAR KARAOKE

"I love PSK because it's the only event I can wear flip-flops to," asserts Kayden Kross, whose credits include *Star 69: Strap Ons* and *Adventures in Babysitting* (the XXX version, mind you). "It's a lot like the porn version of Cheers, where we all know each other, and we often just stop by on a whim."

Kayden says that Seymour always greets her with a hug and a drink, much like his fictitious Woody Harrelson counterpart.

Almost every hottie in the biz has sung along to her favorite tuneskies. Tera Patrick and Hillary Scott have crooned at Sardo's. In fact, Seymour claims that Jenna Jameson is the only major porn star who has never stepped inside his bar.

He also says that people are often surprised by the vocal talents of the adult performers. He recalls Aria Giovanni, Stephanie Swift and Cytherea as having particularly good pipes.

A few others have been less than stellar. "One porn star tried to sing, couldn't do it, and so she decided to do splits onstage and cried," Seymour remembers. "Then she goes, 'I can screw all day without a problem, but singing…' That's a great line."

Felicia Foxx, a veteran of such snippets of sinematic history as *Enticed by My Friend's Mom*, is a PSK regular. I can barely contain myself when the busty beauty tells me she loves to belt out Madonna's "Like a Virgin."

"Gosh, it's a blast," Felicia bellows. "We get really drunk and sing lots of crazy, fun things. There's like boobs everywhere!"

Asked if she and her industry sidekicks fondle one another while singing, Felicia chortles, "Oh, God, yes! Always!" On one memorable night, Ms. Foxx and a bevy of other blue-movie actresses took the stage to sing the Divinyls' "I Touch Myself" while miming the act of self-pleasuring.

Also popping in from time to time is Ron Jeremy. The Hedgehog has even brought along such Hollywood heavyweights as Oscar winner Richard Dreyfuss and Oscar nominee Mickey Rourke (*The Wrestler*). "Shaking Rourke's hand was rock-solid!" Seymour recalls. "You never know who's going to come in, and that's the kicker."

As I look around the room, I see lots of XXX vets and several *(continued on page 94)*

THE GIRLS OF MYSPACE #34

★ HUSTLER'S GIRLS OF MYSPACE ★

BY MICHELLE McCARTHY

SCREEN NAME:

Vanessa Vee

26

IN A RELATIONSHIP

1,232

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

MYSPACE.COM/NESSTACULAR

"My biggest turn-on is sucking cock!" bellows Vanessa Vee, a/k/a Miss Nesstacular. "There is nothing else that makes me get that wet! Then again, I do love my butt plug and some good lube."

Born and raised in Sydney and now residing in Melbourne, this audacious Aussie can get a bit rowdy down under. "I don't consider anything I've done kinky," she says with a wink, "but I'm sure some people would."

Topping Vanessa's list of daring sexual outings is an impromptu session at a friend's wedding. "After a few glasses of champagne, I was feeling pretty horny," she recalls, "so I dragged my boyfriend into the girls' toilets, and luckily I was wearing a skirt with no underwear. He fucked me from behind, standing up against the wall, and I came twice. Then we had to try to sneak out unnoticed, which didn't quite go to plan."

Although Vanessa admits being more attracted to women, she has never encountered one who satisfied her as much as a guy. "I love how men are so powerful and dominating," Ms. Vee exults.

Meanwhile, Vanessa is looking for a male partner who is also open-minded and can make her laugh. And if he likes music, porn and champagne, that's a plus! "Obviously, there has to be great sexual chemistry," the "rebellious" redhead notes. "I love to just hang out and be silly, so it's good to have someone who's like your best mate."

Spunky Vanessa has enjoyed all sorts of amorous adventures, but there's one she's yet to cross off her wish list: "Oh, I haven't been with an American man."

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 years of age or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at **MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine** or by e-mailing ***Hustler@LFP.com.***

PHOTOS BY HOTCHILLIPHOTOGRAPHY.COM.AU

"Mitch Hindle? Wait, I've heard of you! Lawyer...house in Malibu...private jet...red BMW...three-inch penis..."

"The entire Democratic National Committee has alcohol poisoning. They were taking shots of vodka every time Michele Bachmann said something stupid."

(continued from page 40) nomically would supply the world's electricity needs."

From solar to wind (now the fastest-growing and cheapest new energy technology) to wave power to tidal power, to bio-fuels to small hydropower to cogeneration (combining the generation of heat and electricity) and on and on, a renewable energy windfall is here today.

Consider the breakthrough at the Department of Energy's National Renewable Energy Laboratory (NREL) in Golden, Colorado, regarding the use of solar power to break down water into oxygen and hydrogen, with the hydrogen then usable as a fuel. "It's the forever fuel," Dr. John Turner, senior scientist at NREL told me. "This uses our two most abundant natural resources, sunlight and water, to give us an energy supply that is inexhaustible."

10. New designs are inherently safe. The nuclear industry is touting its "new and improved" nuclear plant models as "inherently safe." They're not. They, like all nuclear plants, are "inherently dangerous," stresses Paul Gunter. They are subject to catastrophic accidents, they have "routine emissions" of radioactivity, and they produce nuclear waste that must somehow be isolated from the human environment for millions of years. Moreover, says Gunter, the new plants "may be even more risky, more dangerous, because they are using less concrete," and the manufacturers are "papering over a lot of the risk."

Says Michael Mariotte of the NIRS, the purportedly "inherently safe" new nuclear plants "do not exist."

Admiral Hyman Rickover made the same ominous observation. The "father" of the nuclear Navy, he also supervised construction of the Shippingport (Pennsylvania) Atomic Power Station, this country's first commercial nuclear plant, which began operating in 1957. Rickover testified in his farewell address to a Congressional committee in 1982: "I'll be philosophical. Until about 2 billion years ago, it was impossible to have any life on Earth; that is, there was so much radiation on Earth, you couldn't have any life—fish or anything. Gradually, about 2 billion years ago, the amount of radiation on this planet was…reduced, making it possible for some form of life to begin. … Now, when we go back to using nuclear power, we are creating something which nature tried to destroy to make life possible. … I think the human race is going to wreck itself." Finally, Rickover declared that we must "outlaw nuclear reactors."

Karl Grossman has been investigating nuclear energy for more than three decades. He is the author of *Cover Up: What You Are Not Supposed to Know About Nuclear Power* and *Power Crazy.* He is also the host and writer of many television programs on atomic technology—notably *Enviro Close-Up*—and such documentaries as *The Push to Revive Nuclear Power* and *Three Mile Island Revisited.*

BY ALBERT PIERCE

COUGARS UNLEASHED #9!

Shauna Sand

This column is dedicated to the proposition that women do not achieve their full sexual power and beauty until they are well into their 30s and beyond.

FEATURING THE WORLD'S HOTTEST OLDER WOMEN!

Shauna Sand is the dictionary definition of a cougar: a "hot as hell" older woman who spends most of her days (and we assume nights) cavorting with boy toys half her age.

Back in the 1990s, Shauna was a *Playboy* Playmate, then married *Falcon Crest* TV star Lorenzo Lamas. She starred alongside her husband on his follow-up series *Renegade* and was cast in a series of forgettable flicks, including *Back to Even* and *The Raven: Chosen One*. Along the way, Shauna also squeezed out three daughters. All that was just preparation for today, when we find her the blond bombshell at the height of her seductive powers.

One look at the sexually charged actress donning a provocative mesh dress shows a lady oozing with confidence. And rightfully so. Shauna, who's confessed she was once a "gangly schoolgirl," has developed into a rare thing of prolonged beauty teeming with carnal prowess.

Self-assured, scantily clad and sexier than most gals in their early 20s, Shauna Sand is the perfect Cougar Unleashed.

If you are interested in being featured in our *Cougars Unleashed* column, please submit photos and a short bio via e-mail to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

IMAGE COURTESY MAVRIX PHOTOS

TEA

SMILE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Tempting **Tea** thinks of sex as a case of supply and demand. “If a man can supply me with good screwing that makes me come,” she explains, “I’ll demand it from him all the time.”

Tea continues, “I believe that sex gets better the more a couple knows each other. One-night stands are hot, but nothing beats learning each other’s fantasies and acting them out.”

Is **Tea** looking for commitment? "Yes," she replies. "I want a guy who will only sleep with me—and maybe one of my girlfriends for a threesome."

TEA'S VITAL FACTS:

HOMETOWN: Prague, Czech Republic | AGE: 21 | BIRTH SIGN: Aquarius | HEIGHT: 5-3 | WEIGHT: 113

The Czech cutie also offers some travel tips: "When I visit your country, I see so many guys complaining that they can't get girlfriends. I think they should all come to the Czech Republic. We have lots of sexy women who love American guys. In my neighborhood alone there are like five gorgeous single ladies who would love to live in the USA. I think more of you guys should consider coming here. I promise you won't be disappointed."

Pack your bags, guys! We're heading to the Czech Republic!

HUSTLER HUMOR

Downing shots of whiskey in his neighborhood watering hole, a newlywed blurted out to the crusty beer guzzler sitting next to him, "My wife's an angel!"

"You're lucky," the other barfly grumbled. "Mine's still alive."

A little girl walked into a pet store and said to the owner, "Excuthe me, mithter. Do you thell widdle wabbits?"

The middle-aged gent smiled lecherously and asked, "Do you want a widdle white wabbit or a thoft and cuddwy widdle bwown wabbit?"

The tyke stood on her tiptoes, looked the store owner right in the eyes and cooed, "Mithter, I don't think my python weally gives a thit."

Suppose you were an idiot, and suppose you were a member of Congress; but I repeat myself. —*Mark Twain*

Lulu pushed her shopping cart to the checkout stand and began unloading her groceries. Behind her in line, a drunkard watched as Lulu placed a half gallon of milk, a dozen jumbo eggs, a quart of orange juice and a head of lettuce on the conveyor belt.

When Lulu's cart was empty, the soused stranger managed to slur out, "You must be single."

Startled by this observation, Lulu murmured, "Well, you know what, sir? You're absolutely right. But how on earth could you tell?"

The buttinsky answered, "Because you're fuckin' ugly!"

At their mansion a wealthy couple was celebrating their 40th wedding anniversary. Their three grown sons showed up, but the father was annoyed because none of them had brought a gift. Later he gathered his offspring together in private and announced, "I thought you boys should finally know that your mother and I were never legally married."

"What?!" one of the surprised siblings gasped. "You mean to say my brothers and I are bastards?!"

"That's right!" the incensed patriarch bellowed. "And cheap ones too!"

Police in Fort Worth, Texas, reported finding a John Doe in a local stream. The deceased, who apparently had drowned due to intoxication, was wearing black fishnet stockings, a red garter belt, a strap-on dildo and a Barack Obama T-shirt. He also had a cucumber stuffed up his ass. The police thoughtfully removed the Obama T-shirt to spare his family any embarrassment.

Asked about the secret of his prolonged and peaceful marriage, a husband replied, "My wife and I make an effort to go to a nice restaurant twice a week for a candlelight dinner, soft music and dancing. She goes on Tuesdays, and I go on Fridays."

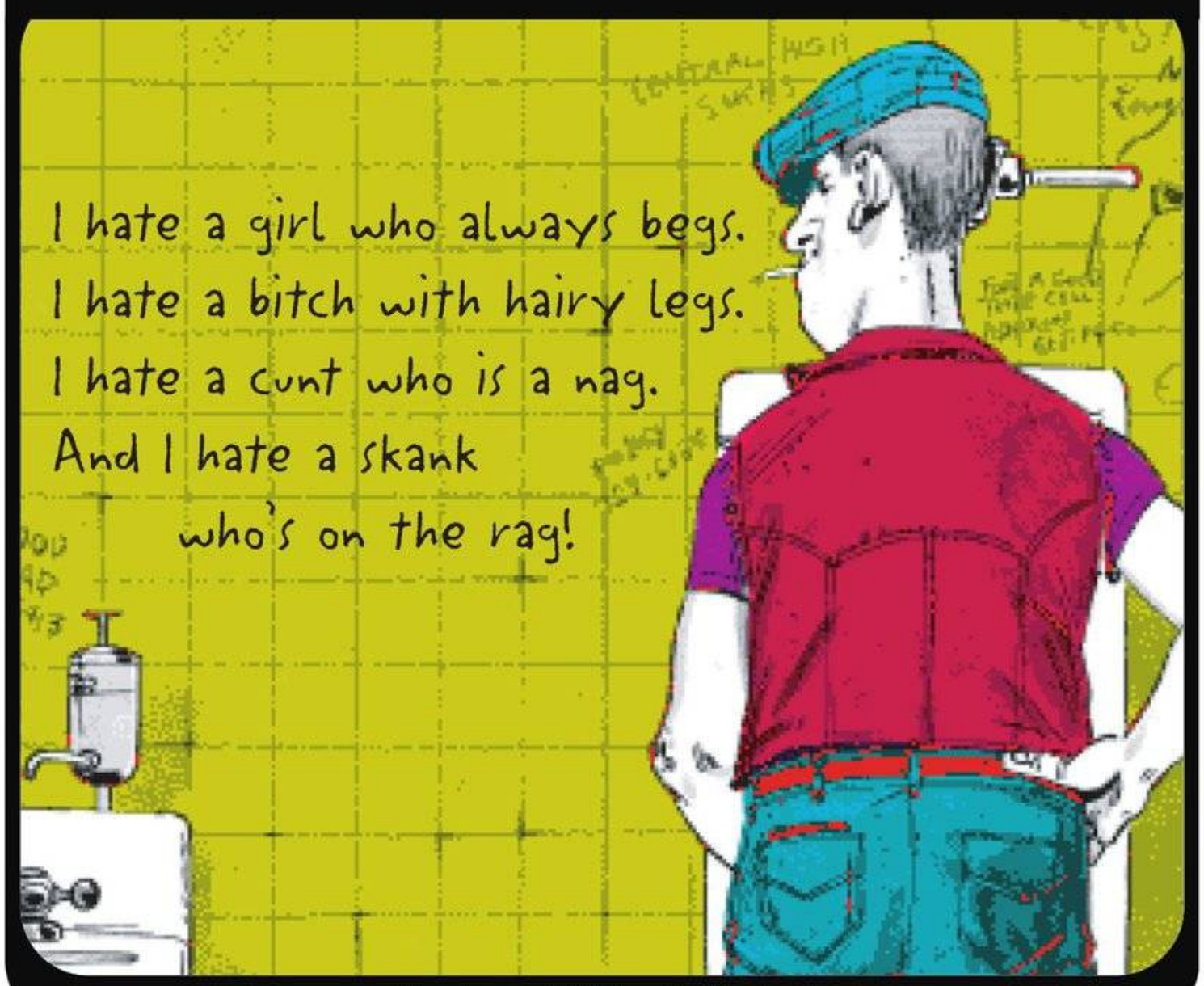
HUSTLER inquires: Why don't you ever see the headline "Psychic Wins Lottery!"?

On the fairway of the clubhouse-facing 18th hole a golfer sized up his long approach shot for what seemed like an hour. "For crying out loud!" his playing partner bellyached. "What's taking so fucking long? Hit the goddamn ball already!"

The hesitant duffer explained, "My wife is watching from the clubhouse, and I want to make this a perfect shot."

"Forget it, man," the impatient partner replied. "You don't stand a snowball's chance in hell of hitting her from here!"

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to Kevin S.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

CHRISTINE NGUYEN

(continued from page 54) "I'm comfortable with my body. I love eating—this pasta looks killer, by the way—but luckily I love working out just as much. My body's my temple. It's like having a beautiful car: You don't mind driving it and having people stare."

In addition to minor roles in mainstream shows such as *Entourage*, Nguyen has played leads in such made-for-cable fantasy and horror films as *Mummy's Kiss*, *Bikini Girls From the Lost Planet* and *Super Ninja Doll*.

"Casting agents avoid hiring you if you're associated with anything sexy," she continues. "'Oh, you do soft-core porn?' What does 'soft-core porn' mean anyway? They're little cable movies, nothing raunchier than a big-budget movie, except these are shot in a week instead of a couple of months."

Despite titles like *Busty Centerfolds Caught in Bed* and *Swingers Sex Party*, Nguyen has never actually made love on camera. "I can't get into that mindset," she says. "I couldn't have real sex with someone I don't love—or even know—then go home to a normal relationship. My fans ask, 'Where's the hardcore stuff? I've looked everywhere on the Net!' I just tell 'em, 'Keep on lookin', pal.'

"I love travel. On assignments, I've seen Bermuda, the Caribbean, Italy, Germany and Paris, plus places all over our country, like Sedona, Arizona, with those craggy red rocks. That is such a cool place to go nude sunbathing! Down in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico, I got to fight a bull. It was a little 400-pound bull, but that's 300 pounds more than me!"

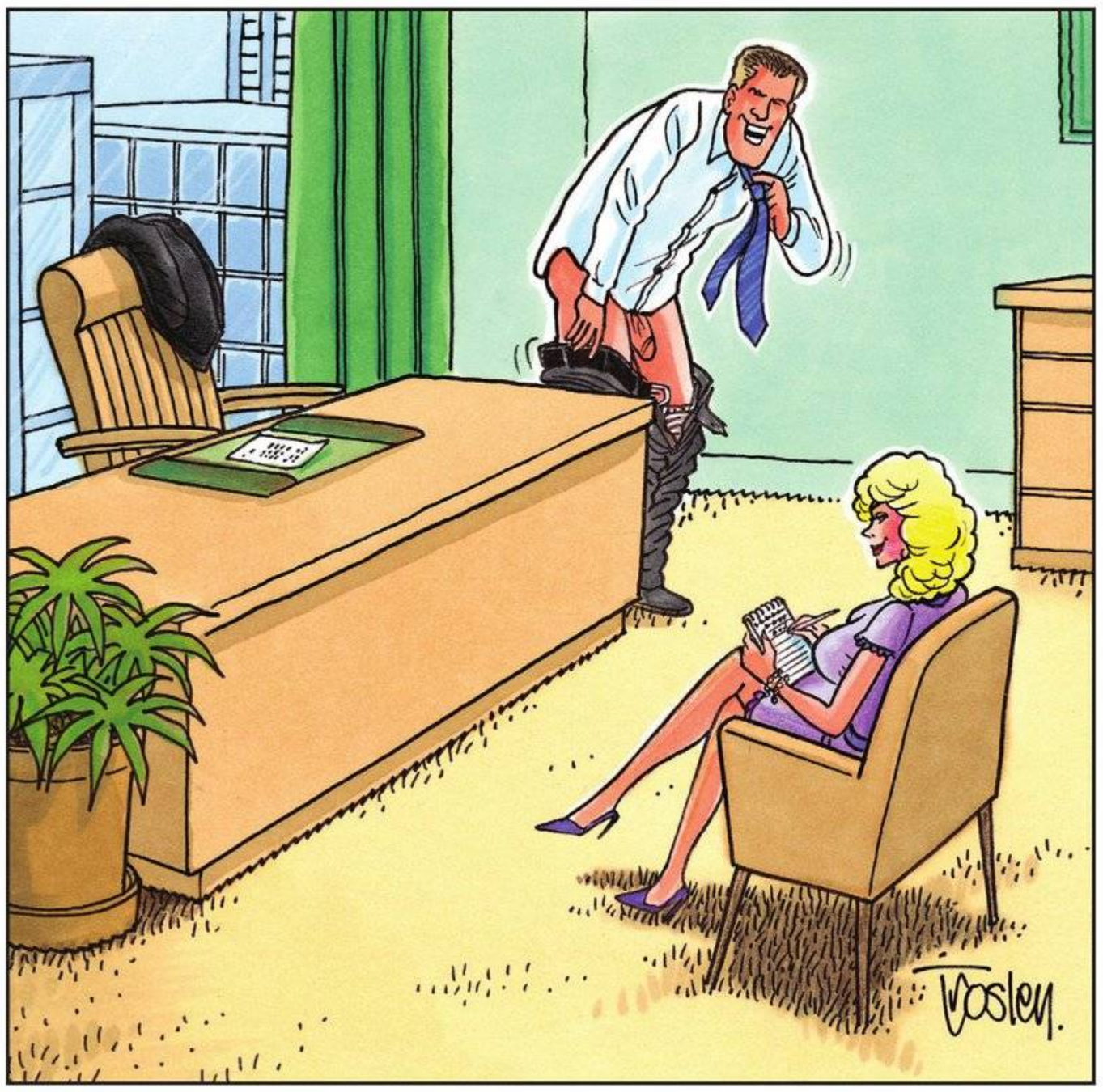
The gypsy life keeps Nguyen continuously in motion, "except when I just collapse, then hole up for days in sweats and a T-shirt. Then that'll get boring, and I jump back into it."

Christine muses, "I had a boyfriend whom I adored, but man, was he possessive! I'd get home after working 12 hours and start to cook dinner. It's just the way I am, very domestic. But I'm social; I like to have people over, have some wine and a smoke, play Texas Hold 'em, hang out—just interact! He'd go, 'Why do we need those people here?' Or worse, 'Do you have to go hang out with someone else?' Right, it's so much more fun sulking around the apartment."

Nguyen fantasizes about parlaying her looks and joie de vivre into a situation comedy: "I'd love to be recognized as a character, to have someone see me at a market and say, 'I know you; you're Jane!' or whatever. As it is now, being Asian, I'd be relegated to the best friend role. It's not as if anyone is going to cast me as the daughter in an all-white family, so I'll just have to star in my own show." Christine smiles. "And *that* would be a Nguyen-Nguyen situation!"

Oregon native Ted Newsom cowrote the original *Spider-Man* screenplay and has directed several video documentaries, notably *Flesh and Blood: The Hammer Heritage of Horror* and *Ed Wood: Look Back in Angora.*

"I finally get a job doing something I really love, and the asshole leaves office!"



"'Throw me across the desk, rip off my dress and fuck my brains out!' Now read that back to me..."

YOU CAN LEAD WATERBOARDI

A MAJOR RADIO PERSONALITY WHO TESTS THE "ENHANCED INTERROGATION TECHNIQUE" FINDS OUT HE'S IN OVER HIS HEAD.

Larry Flynt had sex with a chicken and went on to build HUSTLER. Growing up in Chicago, little Hugh Hefner so missed his baby rabbit blanket that he made a bunny the symbol of his now-crumbling *Playboy* empire. Politically, they both worship an ass. It's the jackass adopted by Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren in 1832: the symbol of the Democratic Party.

Larry and Hefner will argue they are liberal Democrats. One problem: They aren't. Firstly, "he with the floating teeth" (Hef) is a Republican with a 1960s/romantic idea of liberalism. He's all about "free love," man. Ahem. Larry will argue till he's red in the face that his Christianity didn't stick and that he's a Southern-fried liberal. Hogwash!

Have any of these "Dummycrats" actually listened to their hero JFK's speeches? He's a hard-core conservative by today's standards!

PHOTOS BY THOMAS REPETNY

A MANCOW TO NG BUT...

Larry and Hefner would hate JFK if he were our current President. The very foundation of modern liberal beliefs is built on shifting sand.

My father was a Democratic mayor of Lakehurst, New Jersey, where the airship *Hindenburg* went down in 1937. What political party would he belong to today? None of the above.

Nowadays it's all about the party—and the voters are the little guys paying for that party. As a man who has had a rare opportunity to see behind that Oz-like curtain of Washington, D.C., let me assure you: All of today's politicians suck. To pick a side is like deciding between a heart attack or lung cancer. No matter how you vote, politicians all want more of your money so they can continue enacting crippling regulations that keep them in the driver's seat. It's always "them" (the bureaucracy) taking our freedom and our money from "us" (the people), all the while claiming they are doing it for "our children." Assholes!

Being from Obamaland (Chicago), I've watched this smoothie, surrounded by lowlifes, sweet-talk his way into the White House. Do people really

believe he walked Christ-like across the cesspool of corrupt Windy City politics into the most powerful office in the world? Grow up!

To upset the political applecart in America can be career suicide. We are a land of lemmings racing toward oblivion, screaming "I'm left" and "I'm right." America is populated by puppets manipulated by a corporate Geppetto.

When I set out to prove that waterboarding at Guantanamo was not torture, I didn't realize I was jamming my tongue into a hornet's nest. Being the fall guy wasn't really as much fun as Lee Majors made it seem on television.

My surprise discovery that waterboarding is torture made it a lose-lose for me. Everyone instantly hated me. The powers that be (Democrat and Republican alike) loathed my waterboarding experiment. Bleeding-heart liberals thought it was some conservative attempt to mock them. Republicans felt betrayed. The fact is, both sides need the waterboarding issue to remain as is: unsettled. Troublesome for all is that House Speaker Nancy Pelosi knew about the waterboarding and that everyone in the Bush regime signed off on it. It's cover-your-ass-season in Washington, D.C. The crooks are afraid of being caged. Waterboarding *is* torture. Torture *is* illegal. So should they all go to jail? Dunno.

As soon as I was tortured on-air, the World Wide Web of disinformation went into overdrive. Many bloggers are fronts for government mouthpieces, and there is no way to challenge posted lies. Who do you complain to? Who do you sue? Saying whatever they want, bloggers go unchecked and unchallenged. General Colin Powell talked about it on *Face the Nation*.

Reporters have told me privately that Cheney and Bush hated my test. To protect the status quo, my conservative friends pulled a Pontius Pilate, washing their hands of me, somehow claiming I perpetrated a hoax in order to prove myself wrong. Yeah, I know, it doesn't make any sense. It doesn't have to.

I am not a magician. Many news cameras were there!

Obviously I was waterboarded on the radio, and I wasn't in prison. I'm also not a radicalized Muslim terrorist. But it was not a hoax! I repeat: NOT A HOAX.

We kept telling management, the insurance companies and the local cops that we weren't really going to do the test. If we hadn't said that, they wouldn't have let us proceed. We got a U.S. Marine who told me he had studied how to waterboard. He volunteered to waterboard me in return for a mention of his charity. Then we actually did it. The real deal.

Was I in chains? No. Does that make it less real? I fail to get the point of my detractors. I never claimed it was an exact re-creation.

The CIA technique is exactly what we did:

1. Keep the chest elevated above the head and neck so the lungs are "above the waterline."

2. Decline the head, both to keep the throat open and to present the nostrils for easier filling.

3. Force the mouth open so that water can be poured into both the nose and mouth.

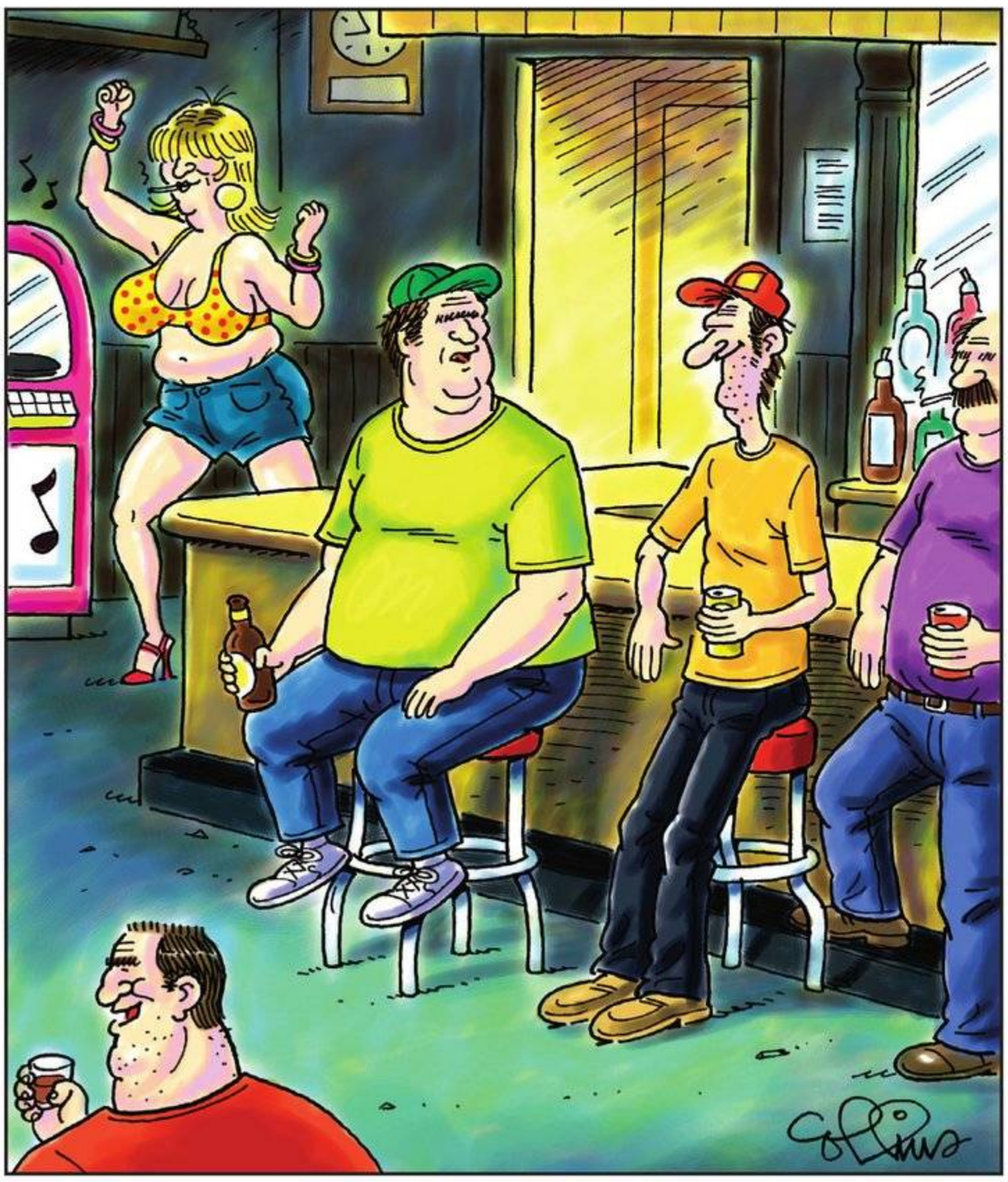
Sorry, for years I thought that waterboarding wasn't torture, and now I do. It was instantly horrific. It has been compared to drowning. Well, I have a unique perspective on this as I detailed in my book, the bestseller *Dap, Dames, Demons and a Dwarf*. I drowned as a child and had to be brought back to life. Waterboarding is worse—a lot worse. It isn't just gulping for air. This isn't like being trapped under a canoe while trying to catch your breath.

"Well, I'd just hold my breath," you say? You can't! Waterboarding goes right to the back of your airways and sinuses. It instantly shuts off your brain. My smartass mocking laughter gave way to two days of chest pains and panic attacks. The video is there for all to see at **Mancow.com**.

The Left has taken my message and distorted it to make me their mouthpiece. Would I waterboard to save my daughters (or any American child)? Yes!

The three terrorists who were waterboarded at Guantanamo were done so by military professionals. And it was done to save lives with America's best interests at heart. I hope. Mine was a silly radio time-filler. It's apples and hand grenades!

It would be insane to equate what I did with anything that happens at a CIA black site. I am simply a free man in a cramped radio studio who always tries to get inside the big issues. Waterboarding is an ugly issue to ponder, with no easy answer. I now see it's easier for some to dismiss me than to do any real soul-searching.



"I wanted to throw my own teabagging party, but I couldn't think of a single Republican I could trust with my balls in his mouth."

Broadcast in more than two dozen markets on the Free Speech Radio Network, Chicago-based Mancow Muller has tangled with FCC censors more often than Britney Spears has flashed her cooze. The controversial talk jock describes himself as a conservative, Bible-thumping libertarian who curses.

Tails of the Bunny Ranch

Horndog Humperoo

Regular's irregular ritual

There's a gentleman who frequents the BunnyRanch just about every weekend, and we like to call him Humpin' Hank. We call him that because he's very specific about what he wants us to do. He picked me once, and the routine never varies. The weird thing is he never actually wants to fuck.

Hank likes to do what he calls "an inspection." He checks to make sure that the room—along with the girl—is clean to his satisfaction. Believe me, he checks everything.

When he checked me out, I thought I was at my OB-GYN's office. He was that thorough.

Once everything passes muster, Hank gets down to business. He likes to make out like he's on a date or something. Real romantic-like. Lots of kissing, but nothing sexual. No groping, nothing. But he gets real excited.

Then Hank wants the girl to get up on the bed and start making it shake. I mean, really making it rock! Remember those old Magic Fingers vibrating beds you'd see in cheap motels in the movies? The kind where you'd drop a quarter in a slot, and the mechanism would fire up and start shaking like a son of a bitch? That's what Hank wants us to do.

So you have to get up on the bed—naked of course—and start shaking. Just get that thing rocking and rolling.

Hank, well, he gets undressed and picks out a corner of the bed. Next he jams his dick tight up against it and uses the motion to start getting his rocks off. Sort of like a girl-powered vibrator, but one that's way bigger.

It's a lot of work. You get tired after a while with all that shaking, and Hank gets mad if you start to slow up. So you have to keep it up and make sure you don't lose a beat. It helps if you can keep a good rhythm going. Sometimes it seems like you're shaking that bed forever.

But Humpin' Hank doesn't want to come like that. Right at a certain point he'll have you stop and get off the bed. Then he'll have you stand next to the bed with your legs spread while he humps your leg like a dog would. Ever had a pooch do that to you? It's kind of gross, right?

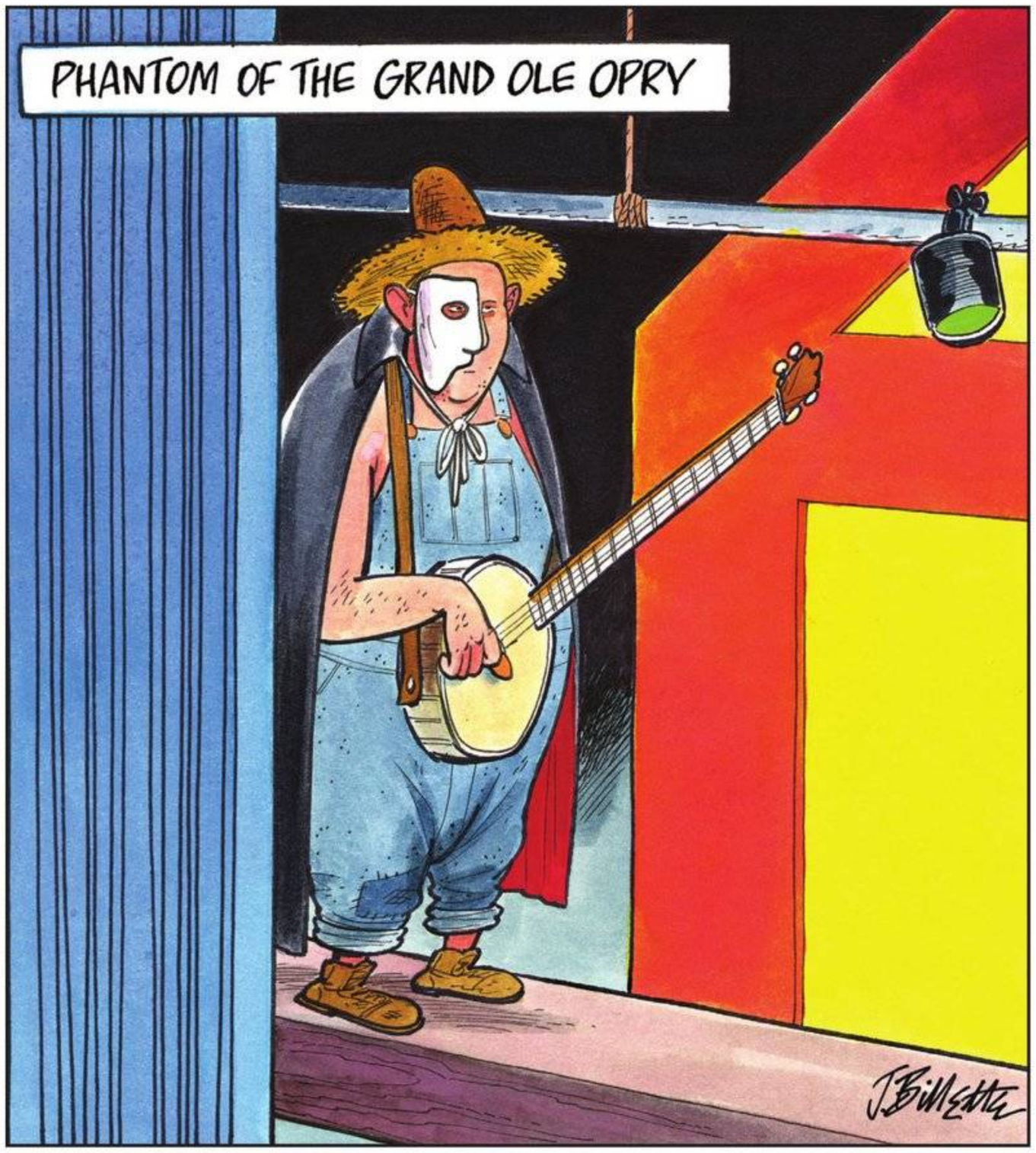
Since 1955 the Moonlite BunnyRanch has been servicing horndogs 24/7, 365 days a year. Under flamboyant owner Dennis Hof, the Carson City, Nevada, legal bordello has become internationally famous for its willing women and wild times.

Well, imagine what it's like when a human being's doing it. And then imagine what it's like when the human shoots a load of cum on your leg and keeps rubbing it all over the place while he makes doggy noises.

I suppose there are some girls who are into stuff like that, but I just think it's kind of weird and nasty. To each his own—that's what I've learned in this business, but Humpin' Hank is something else. The guy doesn't even want to caress you; he just wants to hump and come, and, to me, that's just so gross and perverted. I don't know why I feel that way; I just do. I can't help it.

To meet the girls yourself, visit **BunnyRanch.com** or call (toll-free) 888-BUNNYRANCH.

"I put my cell in my panties and set it to vibrate! Call me!"



PORN STAR KARAOKE

(continued from page 72) unfamiliar faces. One newbie is young Louisa Lanewood, who already has HUSTLER Video's *Girls Banging Girls #4* and several other hard-core flicks under her belt, but not a PSK performance. "This is only my second time here, and I absolutely love it!" Louisa tells me outside on the smoking patio. She is soon joined for a cigarette by her pal Violet Addamson, who only moments earlier belted out Alicia Keys's "How Come You Don't Call Me?" (It wasn't exactly a Grammy-winning rendition.)

Inside, the booths and tables surrounding the dance floor are reserved solely for the porn stars and their handlers, fuck buddies, hangers-on and friends. Meanwhile, patrons lining the elevated bar area have a bird's-eye view of the karaoke stage and all the hoopla.

Like kids salivating over candy, tongue-tied looky-loos gape at the provocatively dressed XXX babes. Maybe they're too shy to say hello, or maybe they're just hoping to see some accidental sideboob. But a few jamokes are braver, approaching the women for autographs and pictures. And in a dramatic reversal of my own adolescence, I chat easily and professionally with the hottest chicks in the room, recorder in hand. Most of the other men stare, perhaps wondering how I've pulled it off.

Although Sardo's is usually jam-packed on PSK night, owner Seymour claims that due to the additional overhead, he actually makes more money on weekends. As we converse, he regularly checks on the ladies to make sure they're not being pestered by any problem barflies.

"Single girls and porn stars both say they feel safe when they come here," Seymour confides, "and that makes me feel extremely happy. It's a home away from home for them. They don't feel like they have to dress up. They can just come in and relax with friends. Even if they retire or travel away from L.A., they come back, and we're still here for them."

If you want to attend PSK, plan to arrive early. According to Seymour, there have been only three occasions when he didn't have at least 100 patrons.

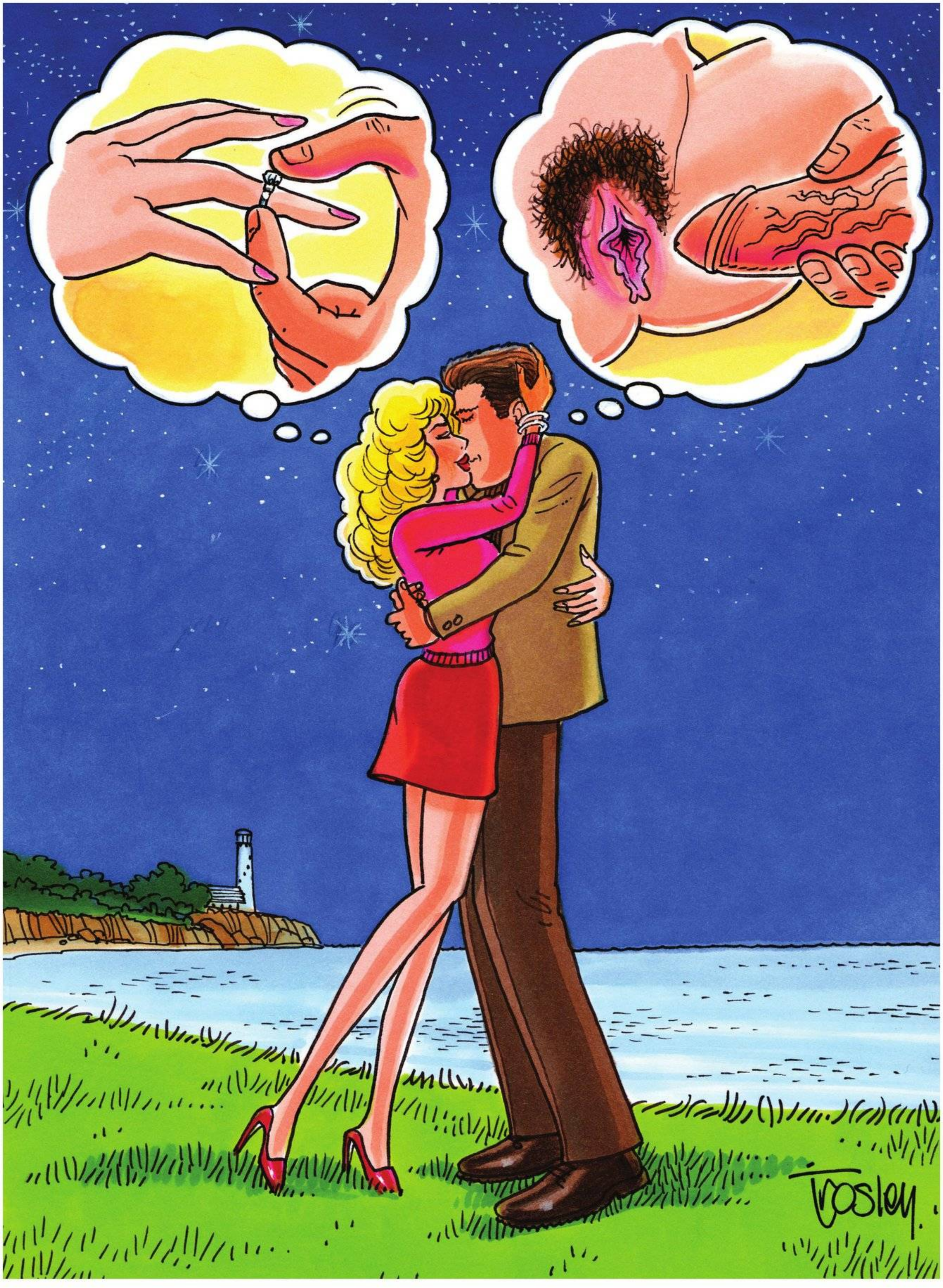
"This is by far the most relaxed industry event I attend, and the crowd is extremely enthusiastic," Kayden Kross points out. "If you're looking to network or meet one of your favorite porn stars, Sardo's is your best bet."

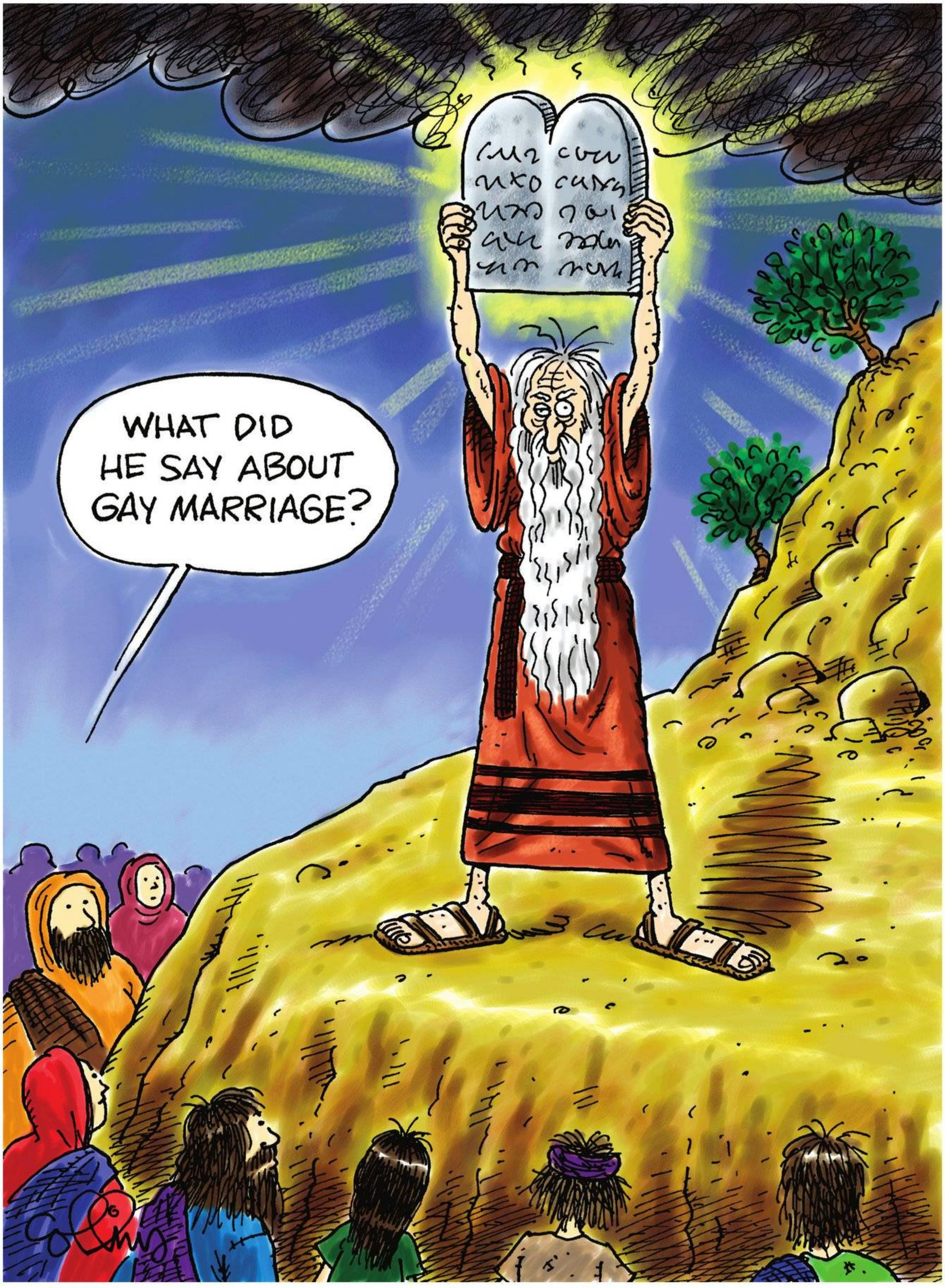
Adds Felicia Foxx: "The fans get to have a drink or sing a song with us in a laid-back atmosphere."

When I ask if she's ever taken a Sardo's patron home with her at closing time, Felicia chuckles. "No," she replies, "but I would!"

Take note, guys: While that someone wasn't me, it could conceivably be you!

For more information on Porn Star Karaoke, visit **SardosBar.com** or call 818-846-8127. Sardo's is located at 259 N. Pass Avenue in Burbank, California. Drop in, and don't forget to tell 'em that HUSTLER sent you!




WHAT DID HE SAY ABOUT GAY MARRIAGE?

WAYNE STATIC: "SO I MARRIED A PORN STAR."

WAYNE STATIC is the man. He leads the most consistently kickass band out there (Static-X), plus his wife is porn star Tera Wray. The man with the plan (and the crazy hair) stopped by HUSTLER to talk about the outfit's latest CD (*Cult of Static*), life on the road and lube—lots of lube. As a bonus, he brought his smoking spouse.

HUSTLER: What's it like being married to a porn star?

WAYNE: Former porn star. Tera retired shortly after we got married. Being married to a porn star is everything you can imagine—but better. It's awesome.

TERA: He still gets to have sex with other chicks.

Did you ever get jealous when Tera went to work?

WAYNE: No, because that is just work. Anyone who has ever been to a set will never look at porn the same way again. It's a bunch of stupid guys standing around holding lights, microphones and cameras. I would go to the set and meet the porn guys, shake their hands and say, "Be gentle with my girl."

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

What is the hottest thing you've ever seen Tera do on a set?

WAYNE: She did this one scene with four other girls that was incredible.

TERA: I was "Strap-On Sally." Wayne got to see me doing the fucking. How did I look with a cock?

WAYNE: You did surprisingly well.

Is it true that HUSTLER is responsible for your marriage?

TERA: We wouldn't have met if not for HUSTLER. HUSTLER Lingerie was one of the main sponsors for Ozzfest, and they brought me out for the whole tour. That's how we met.

Was it love or lust at first sight?

WAYNE: Both.

TERA: Tell him the first thing I said to you.

WAYNE: Basically we do shots onstage every night, so our tour manager went and got all these HUSTLER Lingerie girls to come up and bring us shots. Tera brings a shot out to me onstage in front of 20,000 people and says, "I masturbate to you every day." The microphone picked it up. Twenty thousand people hear that. I couldn't remember her name, so I told my manager, "You gotta go find me the masturbating girl." He did, and everything is great.

Did you really masturbate to him every day?

TERA: I'd been masturbating to Wayne before I was even of age.

WAYNE: For me to even think about her masturbating to me when she first started is illegal.

Your hair is your trademark. Do you deal with it every day?

WAYNE: I just leave it up until it starts to dread, then I wash it. Just hair spray, but I leave it in for a week.

Tell us about your new CD, which includes a song about lube.

WAYNE: Everything on the new record is about sex, drugs, heavy metal and fast cars. There is one song specifically dedicated to lube. I'm not going to tell you which one it is. You just have to listen to the disc and figure it out.

Now that you're a married man, do you still fool around with groupies?

WAYNE: Not unless my wife is involved. All kinds of crazy shit happens. Like Tera and I are in the back lounge of the bus having sex, and some other hot chick busts in and starts making out with us.

TERA: Then she starts vomiting. (*Laughs.*)

WAYNE: Sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll, fast cars till death!

TERA: That's cool. ■

The Dirty Dozen

TWELVE NEW DISCS YOU NEED

PRINCE
LotusFlow3r

Let's start with this: Prince is a genius. But even a genius has to learn how to edit himself. His latest release (available only at Target) is a spotty three-CD set that could have been whittled down to one solid disc. The first CD is a blast of psychedelic rock that allows Prince to channel his inner Jimi Hendrix.

PRINCE
MPLSound

The second disc is the best of the bunch—a straight-up, old-school funk party that reminds you of *Purple Rain*-era Prince. Tracks like "Dance 4 Me," "Here," "Chocolate Box" and "(There'll Never B) Another Like Me" belong up there in the pantheon next to "1999," "Pop Life," "Kiss" and "When Doves Cry."

BRIA VALENTE
Elixer

Man, the Purple One's latest paramour/protégée Bria Valente is something else—smoking-hot with full lips and a sultry stare. Prince sure knows how to pick 'em: Vanity, Sheila E., Jill Jones, Mayte. Now Bria. He's a lucky man! Her music? A slight, light blend of less-than-memorable jazz and funk. But who cares? Bria's hot!

SWEET
Action: The Sweet Anthology

"Ballroom Blitz," "Love Is Like Oxygen" and "Fox on the Run." What other reasons do you need to pick up this two-CD collection from one of the 1970s' coolest collectives? How about "Little Willy," alongside dozens more power-pop, glam-rock nuggets?

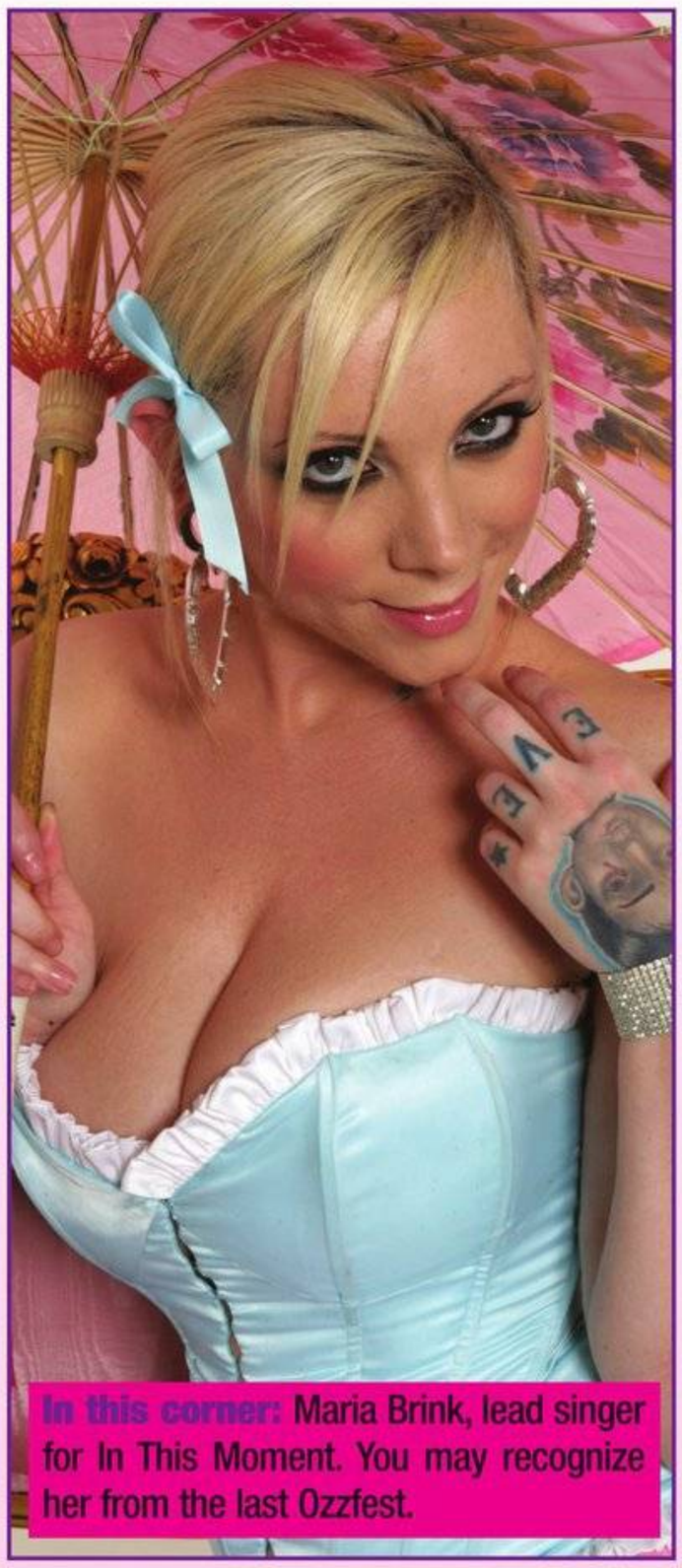
GIRL IN A COMA
Trio B.C.

Angry chicks are sexy, especially when they aren't angry at you. The latest disc from this all-femme group is a brilliant, noisy collection of catchy, angry-girl rock. Highlights include "Baby Boy."

GREEN DAY
21st Century Breakdown

Once upon a time Oakland's favorite punks wrote quick, punchy songs about suburban frustration. Now they write epics about suburban frustration on a worldwide level. Sometimes maturity can be a very good thing. Just a smidge short of *American Idiot*'s brilliance, their latest disc is better than 99% of the CDs you already own. *(continued on page 98)*

Battle of the Band Babes



In this corner: Maria Brink, lead singer for In This Moment. You may recognize her from the last Ozzfest.

In the opposite corner: Winds of Plague's keyboardist Kristen Randall. You may recognize her from the topless pictures that recently surfaced on the Internet.

Both chicks rock! But who is the hottest?

You decide. Five lucky winners (chosen at random) will win a CD two-pack featuring the latest disc from each lady's band.

Maria Brink ☐

Kristen Randall ☐

For your chance to win, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to Hot Band Babes c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to *Hustler@LFP.com*.

Name (print) _____

Signature _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ ZIP Code _____

E-mail Address _____

Subscriber (check one) ☐YES ☐NO

RULES: No purchase necessary. Limit one entry per household. Must be 18 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by October 10, 2009. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winner will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winner will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winner and ship the winner his/her prize at no cost to the winner. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household. Offer limited to residents of the continental United States.

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

THE VINES
Melodia

A few years ago, after lead singer Craig Nicholls was diagnosed with Asperger's syndrome, it looked like the end for these Aussie garage rockers. Their latest release shows that what doesn't kill you can indeed make you stronger. *Melodia* is packed with tight, loud, under-four-minute jams.

CANDY DULFER
Funked Up

Saxophonist Candy Dulfer learned a lot from the time she played with Prince. Her new CD is so funky, it will make your ass itch. *Funked Up* is full of bumpy jams and Maceo Parker-style jazz grooves.

NEW YORK DOLLS
'Cause I Sez So

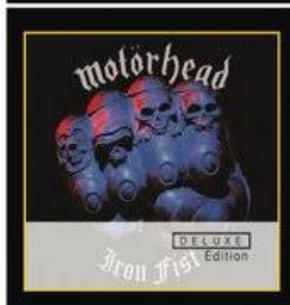
The legendary glam rockers return with a punk rock vengeance. Their fourth disc (seriously, they've only made four) reteams them with original producer Todd Rundgren for 11 new tracks and a remake of their 1973 song "Trash." Singer David Johansen has never sounded more urgent, while Sylvain Sylvain's guitar playing has never been so fluid. The new guys make late Dolls Johnny Thunders, Jerry Nolan and Arthur "Killer" Kane proud.

BLACK LABEL SOCIETY
Skullage

The greatest hits of Ozzy's monster guitarist and his merry band of madmen are collected on this CD-and-DVD set. The CD is a pile of BLS's most punishing tracks, including "13 Years of Grief." Meanwhile, the DVD is a mix of videos, live sets and Zakk's memories of pal "Dimebag" Darrell.

PEACHES
I Feel Cream

We love a dirty girl, and Peaches is dirty. Electro music's most aggressive female returns with another synthesizer-packed, sexed-up, throbbing collection of dance hits. *I Feel Cream* is the perfect soundtrack for late nights in a run-down strip club or for sex in a car.



MOTÖRHEAD
Reissues: Iron Fist, Ace of Spades, Overkill & Bomber

The loudest band in the world is finally getting the respect it has long deserved. The catalog has been remastered and rereleased in this deluxe edition. Each two-CD set features bonus tracks and live cuts.

Steel Panther

Heavy Metal Rules!

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

L.A.'s greatest and most hilarious tribute band plays 1980s Sunset Strip hair metal with a comic twist. The boys in Steel Panther—Michael Starr (vocals), Satchel (guitars), Stix Zadinia (drums, duh) and Lexxi Foxxx (bass and lots of makeup)—are here to rock you.

HUSTLER: You're making '80s hair metal music, but it's 2009. Why so late?

SATCHEL: We never stopped making hair metal music. Some people put it into the '80s, but hair metal is still alive.

MICHAEL: We're kind of like the Aqua Net of rock. We never stopped playing. Aqua Net never came off the shelves.

LEXXI: You can still buy it in stores.

STIX: They never changed their formula.

MICHAEL: And we never change our formula.

LEXXI: We're like Aqua Net. We "stick" around.

MICHAEL: We have a firm hold on heavy metal, but we're an easy mist.

Where were you guys during the Sunset Strip hair metal heyday?

SATCHEL: We were really huge in many towns.

STIX: Like Canoga Park [an L.A. suburb].

MICHAEL: We were really big in some strip clubs. Everyone knew who we were.

STIX: There's a couple of cities that knew us.

MICHAEL: Like Bakersfield. We would cruise out there, and people would be like, "Dude, there's Michael Starr!"

SATCHEL: Matter of fact, our bassist, Lexxi Foxxx, was solely responsible for a chlamydia outbreak in North Hollywood.

MICHAEL: Is that true?

LEXXI: What's a heyday?

Who would win in a fight: White Lion, Whitesnake, Great White or Steel Panther?

SATCHEL: Seriously? I hope those guys in all those other bands read this, because they know damn well we could kick their asses.

MICHAEL: We could definitely kick their girlfriends' asses. Steel Panther is like an infectious disease. There is no cure for it. It's called heavy metal.

SATCHEL: We are like the AIDS of music.

STIX: The HIV of metal.

LEXXI: We are four diseases that penicillin can't stop.

STIX: We can be hepatitis A, B, C and D.

MICHAEL: I'm like the cleanest disease you can get—crabs.

SATCHEL: I'm gonna be genital warts.

STIX: I'm just gonna be the Clap.

What kind of chicks does Steel Panther attract?

STIX: All kinds—old, young, fat, skinny, retarded.

MICHAEL: This guy [Stix] gets more pussy than anyone in the band.

SATCHEL: If you add it up by weight? Absolutely.

Is the power ballad your favorite type of song?

MICHAEL: The power ballad is absolutely a necessity for any metal band. The most important thing is getting the chicks' pussies wet. A ballad usually will do that.

SATCHEL: Girls come backstage right after a show, and there is no need for foreplay. Their pussies are already wet. You just yank their pants down, stick your cock in, bust your nut and leave.

LEXXI: If you don't happen to have your Aqua Net onstage, you watch the girls during the ballads. Their vaginas drip on the floor. You can get the stickiness from the vagina and put it in your hair. It makes your hair stay up bitchin'.

What are some of your best Steel Panther groupie stories?

SATCHEL: We had a girl backstage. Me and Michael were having sex with her. We were doing DP, or what they call double penetration. You guys are probably familiar with that. I was in her asshole, and Michael was in her pussy. It was tight. Michael started to move and adjust his cock, and I could feel it through the actual vaginal walls.

MICHAEL: It felt good too.

SATCHEL: It felt really good.

MICHAEL: In a weird way.

SATCHEL: I couldn't hold out anymore, and I started to sperm all over this girl's hair and face. Then I realized, *Shit!* It was Michael's hair. It was a little awkward, but his hair looked fucking killer afterwards.

MICHAEL: A lot of people think, *Oh, that's gay.* It's not gay; that's heavy metal, man.

SATCHEL: It seemed a little gay when you started to lick it though.

STIX: I got one. We were playing a show in Fresno, and I was drumming away. There was this hot-looking chick flirting with me from the side of the stage. I gave her the nod to come over. She started rubbing on me and sucking my cock during the show. Anyway, I busted my nut. We finished the song, and she got up and said (*in a deeper voice*), "THANKS!" It was a dude. His name was Ron. We kept in touch. He's totally cool.

SATCHEL: He actually worked for us as a roadie after that. He can lift really heavy shit.

MICHAEL: I see these two chicks. I get them both up onstage, and they go down on me. One is on my nuts; the other one is on my cock—blowing me. I bust my nut. Afterwards I get this little drip at the end, and it reminds me that heavy metal rules.

SATCHEL: Nothing reminds me more that heavy metal rules than that little drip at the end. You wouldn't have that little drip without metal.

STIX: I fucked this girl once in Sacramento, and I got the drip like four days later. But it was kind of creamy-colored, and it stung.

MICHAEL: That's the drip that is not heavy metal.

STIX: It still ruled.

Is Steel Panther here to save rock?

MICHAEL: Rock 'n' roll doesn't need to be saved, but heavy metal needs to come back.

STIX: Resurrection is the term.

SATCHEL: It's a resurrection with an emphasis on erection.

Steel Panther's debut CD, *Feel the Steel*, is out now.

Movie Mammaries

LAUREN HUTTON: THE FIRST SUPERMODEL

WELCOME TO L.A.

LASSITER

PERMETTE? ROCCO PAPALEO

PIECES OF DREAMS

LITTLE FAUSS AND BIG HALSY

Long before every eye-catching chick who graced a magazine cover referred to herself as a "supermodel" there was **Lauren Hutton**. With her perfect pout (complete with gapped-toothed grin) and smoking-hot body, she was the first of the genre.

Lovely Lauren was featured on thousands of magazine covers and pranced on catwalks around the world. Along the way she managed to squeeze in a film career peppered with a healthy dose of nudity. Work it, girl!

Hutton's first blast of famous flesh came in the low-key movie *Little Fauss and Big Halsy* (1970). Getting ballsy, the beauty romped naked across a highway in nothing more than her birthday suit. That same year she offered another dreamy view of her breathtaking breasts in the otherwise forgettable *Pieces of Dreams.*

The Italian film *Permette? Rocco Papaleo* (1971) may be a confusing mess to watch, but we suggest muddling through it anyway. Why? The scenes that feature super-sexy Hutton as an artist's model provide full-frontal nudity, complete with a batch of natural bush. *Welcome to L.A.* (1976) is also worth a look because it welcomed Lauren's boobs back to the silver screen. You have to see her red-hot striptease under a red light to believe it.

The actress's most popular screen performance can be seen in the now-classic *American Gigolo* (1980). Here Hutton plays an upscale paying customer of man whore **Richard Gere**. One look at the lady in her prime makes us think there is no way we would have made her pay for it.

Need more? We recommend the foreign flick *Hecate* (1982), which boasts several simulated sex scenes, including one in which Hutton gets banged from behind on a balcony. Meanwhile, *Lassiter* (1984) showcases a totally nude Lauren riding some lucky dude to a convincing orgasm.

Sadly, Hutton decided to take a 24-year hiatus from onscreen nudity, during which she spent her days selling osteoporosis medicine on TV. But she eventually returned to her roots, dishing out, at long last, a topless bedroom tryst in the little-seen cable pilot *Manchild* (2008). It's nice to see that the now-65-year-old former supermodel is still willing to give her all.

Remember, HUSTLER continually delivers the best in big-name skin from cinema and the boob tube. If there's an actress you'd like to see in the buff (or damn close to it), let us know by e-mailing ***NakedCelebs@LFP.com.***

Rent These NOW!

HECATE

MANCHILD

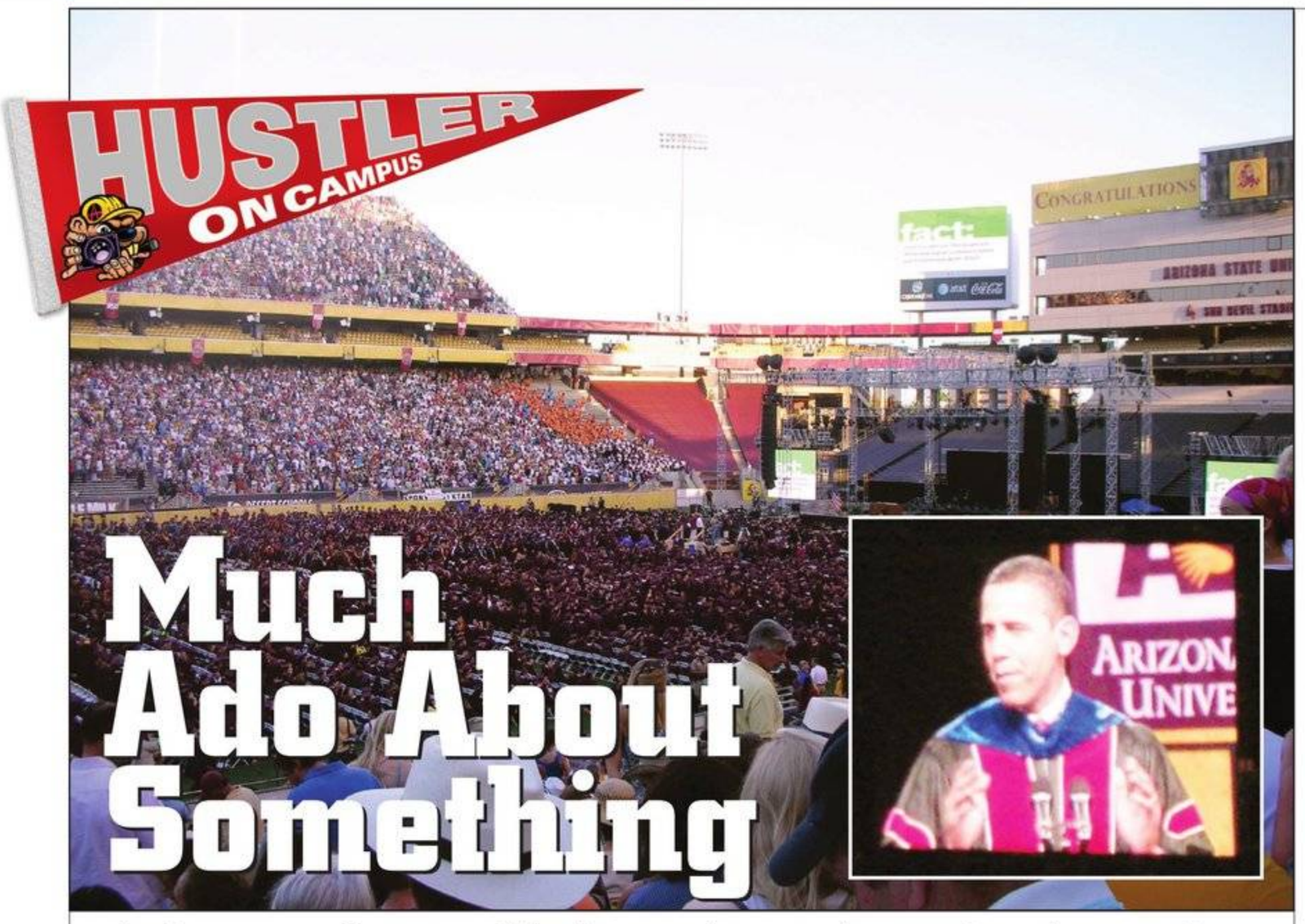
AMERICAN GIGOLO

PHOTOS COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

Here's an inside peek at the XXX action in the top-selling HUSTLER DVD *Who's Nailin' Paylin?* The fuck-filled flick stars the superhot cougar Lisa Ann as the 2008 Vice Presidential candidate and governor of Alaska.

WHO'S NAILIN' PAYLIN?

While we're glad the real Sarah didn't end up in the White House, we think you should elect to add this title to your hard-core DVD library. *Who's Nailin' Paylin?* and its sequels is available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.



Arizona State University takes the heat for refusing to rightfully honor a visiting dignitary—the President of the United States.

When it was announced last spring that President Barack Obama had accepted an invitation to address ASU's May 13 commencement ceremony, many students felt excited and privileged at the prospect of hearing him speak. But on April 8 the *State Press*, the university's student newspaper, reported that Obama would not be receiving an honorary degree because, as ASU spokeswoman Sharon Keeler explained, "President Obama's body of work is yet to come."

Local media and the blogosphere quickly stepped in as a Pandora's box opened. In an editorial on April 9 the *East Valley Tribune* urged ASU to reverse its "arbitrary decision." The Huffington Post concurred, claiming Obama's accomplishments merit an honorary degree.

By April 10 the national media brought its might to the foray. Attacks on ASU ranged from the subtlety of *USA Today*, which ran an article containing the phrase "no, we can't," to the outright belligerence of MSNBC. One of the cable news channel's commentators called the decision to not grant Obama an honorary degree "the dumbest [one] a university has ever made," while another derided ASU as a place where "you get a master's degree in lawn mowing."

ASU President Michael Crow soon announced that in 2003 it was decided the university would no longer bestow honorary degrees to "sitting politicians." Although the University of Chicago (Obama's alma mater) and other schools have such a policy, the hype didn't stop. Even college staples like *The Daily Show* and *Saturday Night Live* bashed ASU.

Senior John-Paul Parikh and May '09 graduates Anthony Barringer and Ally Vice were critical of the media's involvement, pointing out how Obama made light of the controversy by mentioning in his commencement speech that it was "much ado about nothing." Parikh and Vice also noted that ASU administrators failed to handle the affair in the best ways possible.

Crow admitted the university, which has renamed a scholarship program for disadvantaged students in Obama's honor, was unprepared for new forms of media, such as blogs. He lamented, "Once the story got misconstrued—once the part of the story about us wanting to wait until people got out of office wasn't included in what got out—it was impossible to get it back in the bag."

But the controversy proved to be much more than comedic fuel for Obama or a lesson in the power of today's media. As Parikh marveled after the President's speech, "Obama turned the situation into an opportunity to motivate and challenge all who listened to his speech, and he did so masterfully."

"I come here not to dispute the suggestion that I haven't yet achieved enough in my life," Obama declared in Sun Devil Stadium. "I come to embrace it; to heartily concur...that no matter how much you've done, or how successful you've been, there's always more to do, more to learn, more to achieve." Obama then challenged the students not to rest on their laurels, but to add to their own bodies of work.

Obama's words reminded Parikh of John F. Kennedy's "Ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country." He also felt that the speech was exactly what his generation needed to hear. According to the ASU senior, since too many young people want to be noticed without doing anything noteworthy, Obama made great strides by "daring the students to use what they have learned in order to benefit America and, in so doing, themselves."

Barringer saw the speech as putting academic degrees and accolades into perspective. To him, Obama was emphasizing that of utmost importance was "what you do with your talents and how it impacts the world as a whole."

Although senior Troy Baack, like a number of students, believed Obama had not accomplished enough to deserve an honorary degree, he was impressed with the speech. Baack even suggested that Obama should receive an honorary degree in the future.

The President certainly changed the mind of Mary Curtis. "Not an Obama fan," she was worried that his presence and heightened security measures would ruin commencement for her, as well as her family and friends. "However, once Obama stepped on the stage and began to speak, I was inspired," the May graduate said. "Being a political cynic, I was surprised to see myself straining to make sure I heard every word that he said."

Calling the President's speech "incredible" and moved by his "inspiring charisma," Curtis added, "He should have received the degree because of his position…. As our generation presses towards equality for all, the symbol of that equality [Barack Obama] should be honored."

Before graduating from ASU in May '09, Brett Livingood was a columnist for the *State Press*. He'll be too busy attending law school to start that lawn mowing master's.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at *Features@LFP.com*.

PHOTOS BY MEGAN LIVINGOOD

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions in entry form on page 131 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

Real College Girls

Kenzie Kera: Texas State University–San Marcos

"I live alone and can be naked all the time," admits Kenzie Kera, 25, an "open-minded, fun-loving" senior at the alma mater of former Prez Lyndon B. Johnson and country crooner George Strait. "Clothes are highly overrated." A theater and dance major, the 5-foot-4 San Antonio denizen knows all about captivating an audience, but as a HUSTLER Real College Girl she can also display her undraped figure and unabashed candor.

"I look at the human body as a work of art," professes Kenzie, whose interests include "an eclectic taste" in music (Radiohead, Tori Amos…), reading (Harry Potter books, Edgar Allan Poe…), movies (*Pirates of the Caribbean*, *Under the Tuscan Sun*…), Italian cuisine, singing, networking and "drawing badly." However, the Spanish-Irish-Aztec señorita is a Picasso when painting her intimate persona.

"I'm frisky, kinky, passionate and beyond bi-curious," Kenzie coos. "I'm into men romantically, but I've had female sexual playmates. I've been described as a sex kitten, and I can be made to purr. I love giving head, being orally pleasured and doggy-style. Hard and rough always sends me to nirvana! So does masturbating whenever I get the naughty urge."

Kenzie, a Ph.D. aspirant and fan of playwright Oscar Wilde, naughtily concludes, "I never say no when a guy wants to come on my breasts, but I'm still an anal virgin. In the spirit of being earnest, I'm tempted to try it!" —Photos by Friend

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

Jenna Haze takes the lead in ***Cum-Spoiled Sluts.***

Cum-Spoiled Sluts

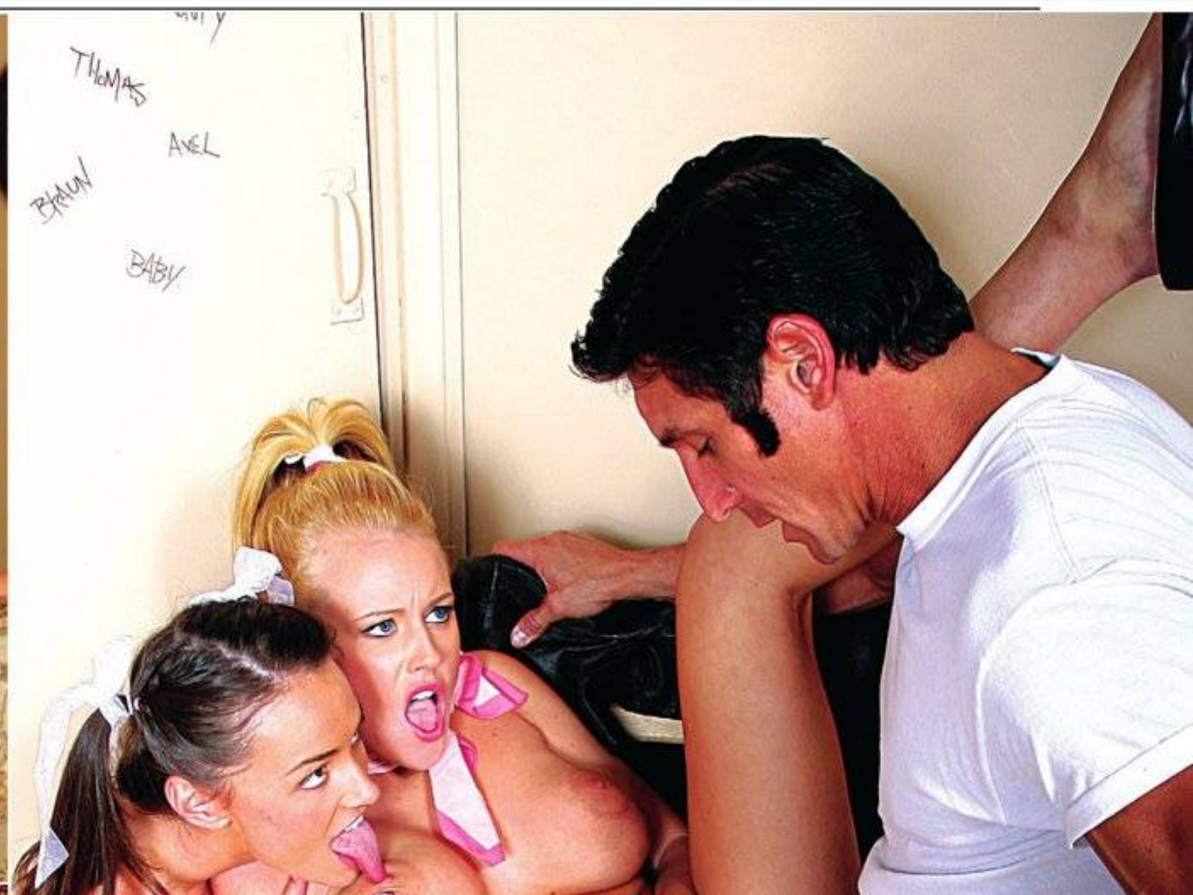
JENNARATION X/JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: JENNA HAZE. STARRING: JENNA HAZE, RILEY EVANS, NIKKI RHODES, BOBBI STARR, ALYSSA HALL, MICK BLUE, TOM BYRON, JAMES DEEN, SCOTT NAILS, JOHNNY SINS & JERRY.

Jenna Haze's directorial debut—for her new company, Jennaration X—is a double-disc extravaganza with the born-for-porn beauty casting herself in four of this flick's tasty fuck nuggets (counting the Easter egg). In case the title didn't clue you in, what Jenna lacks in originality, she makes up for in raunch. The true Orange County girl and AVN Female Performer of the Year still has her natural schoolgirl looks; she just sluts them up more these days. (If you want to see what Jenna really looks like, check out the behind-the-scenes extras.) She's also an A-level performer (hence the kudos), letting her gangly legs splay all over and releasing a stream of "Omigod-fuck-me" chatter in every long-running scene—once she stops whining about how bored she is. (Typical O.C. gal.) On disc 2, Jenna brings in Alyssa Hall, who's like a sluttier version of her, if you can imagine that. Then, just when you think you got your money's worth, the directress returns with two more standard-but-lively dick polishers! Jenna Haze knows what we want better than we do. That's a slut for ya. ***—M.J.***

***Sluts** Alyssa Hall and Jenna Haze never waste a drop.*

Ain't it cool: Fonzie and Mrs. C (Raquel Devine) share an intimate moment.

Joanie (Missy Stone) goes **XXX** with the boys while Jenny Piccolo (Penny Flame) earns her bad rep.



Aaaaay! The Fonz (with Codi Carmichael and Tori Black) shows us why they called it **Happy Days**.

This Ain't Happy Days XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: MISSY STONE, RAQUEL DEVINE, TORI BLACK, CODI CARMICHAEL, RILEY EVANS, PENNY FLAME, TOMMY GUNN, JACK LAWRENCE, ANTHONY ROSANO, ALAN STAFFORD & KRIS SLATER.

One, two, three o'cock, four o'cock rock! Porn spoof mania hits its stride with this XXX flip side of the classic TV series. Porn stud Tommy Gunn is a natural to play the Fonz, and he nails the part—along with every bobby-soxer within earshot of a finger snap. Banging a '50s sweater girl is one of the ultimate nostalgic fantasies, and bosomy blonde Codi Carmichael embodies it like a dream. Fonzie's HNC (How to Nail Chicks) lessons for Richie and his pals are hilarious, but the hottest scene comes when Joanie (an insanely cute Missy Stone) decides to give her virginity away to Ralph and Potsie to get back at Chachi for fucking her best friend, Jenny Piccolo (Penny Flame, also perfectly cast). Spunky little Joanie takes it all the way to a deep-anal threeway her first time out! "I hope I didn't rupture something in there," she cracks. Everybody stays in character, keeping the scenes hot as hell and funny as a crutch. MILF Marion (the aptly named Raquel Devine) caps the romp with another great scene we've waited three decades to see. This flick will take you all the way to Inspiration Point. ***—M.J.***

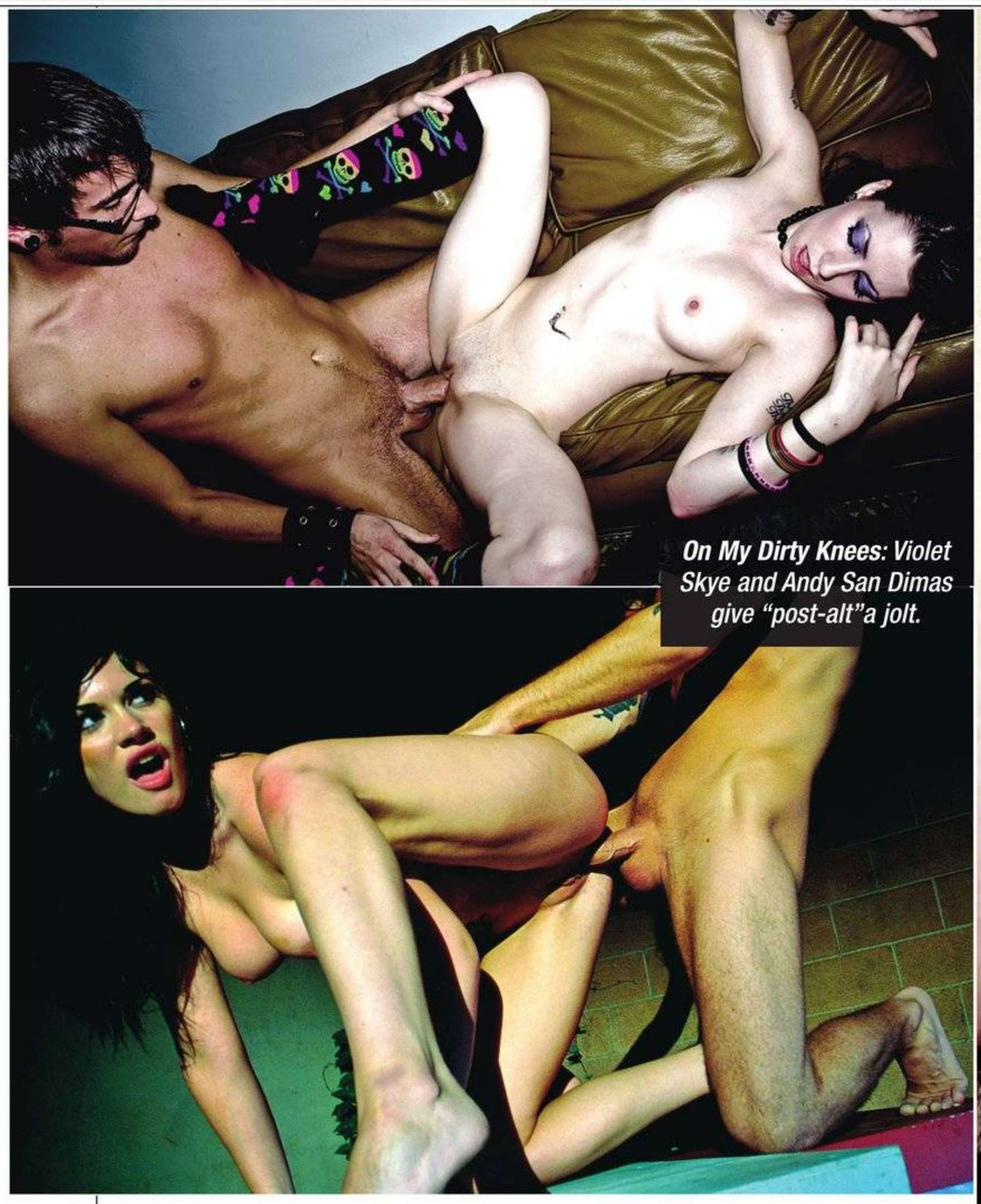
*Tatiana Kush undergoes the **Fuck Club** initiation.*

*Ryder Skye, Faye Reagan & Jandi Lin join the **Fuck Club**.*

Fuck Club

HARMONY FILMS. DIRECTOR: GAZZMANN. STARRING: TORI BLACK, KIESHA KANE, JANDI LIN, RYDER SKYE, FAYE REAGAN, NIKKI HUNTER, TATIANA KUSH, MAYA HILLS, OLIVER SANCHEZ, TONY DE SERGIO, MARCO BANDERAS, DANE CROSS, JOHN STRONG & GEORGE UHL.

Welcome to the "Red Tie Club," which is apparently a fantasy island for rich cigar smokers who have seen too much porn. They all meet in a mansion and order up some chicks to play out their group-fuck fantasies. Nothing too freaky, just a lot of group fucking that gets progressively raunchier until living legend Nikki Hunter shows up and turns in a blistering double penetration. *Fuck Club* doesn't start out all that promising, but by the time it's over, you'll be reasonably sure it covered all the *X*s. ***—M.J.***



On My Dirty Knees: Violet Skye and Andy San Dimas give "post-alt"a jolt.

On My Dirty Knees

VIVID-ALT/VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: EON McKAI. STARRING: ANDY SAN DIMAS, VIOLET SKYE, VIN VERICOSE, DANE CROSS, ALEX GONZ, DANIEL & ALEC KNIGHT.

Eon McKai is the guy who started the alt-porn video wave with classics like *Kill Baby Kill*. But since alt-porn is now "so five years ago," he's calling this new flick "a *post*-alt twist on fucking your way out of your hometown." Slutty brunette Andy San Dimas starts her odyssey of sleaze with a decent moonlight screw, setting a literally dark tone for this tale of shaky self-esteem and online sex lives. Violet Skye's follow-up scene gets pumping after a long stretch of awkward mumblecore dialogue—and the wait is, well, *almost* worth it. The real reason to endure this movie is San Dimas (named after a nowheresville burb northeast of L.A.) who is so hungry for a taste of "micro-fame" that she bothers to act as if she actually enjoys rolling around naked on cold concrete. If you're into basic Internet trash swallowing cock out of terminal boredom, *On My Dirty Knees* is your ticket. Alt-porn is dead! Long live post-alt! (Or whatever they're calling it by the time you read this.) ***—M.J.***

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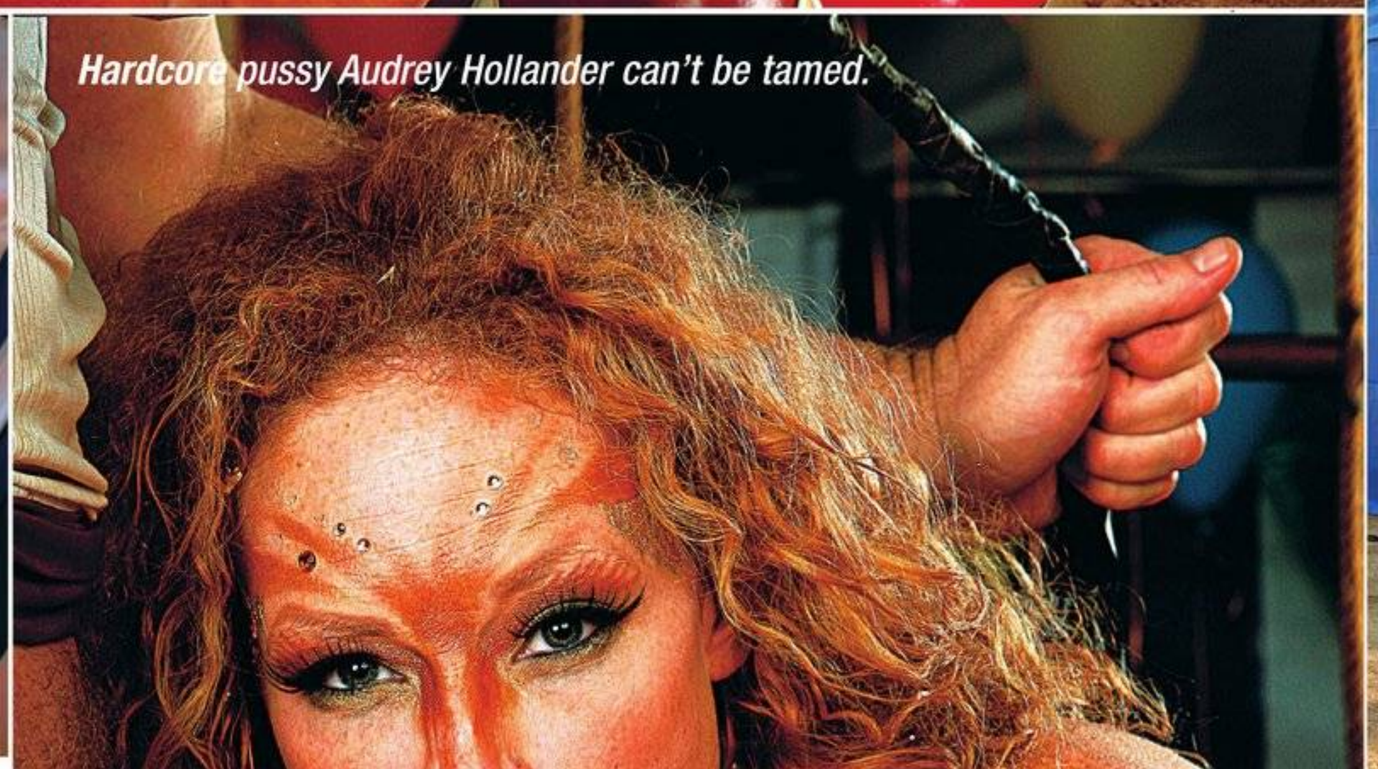
100% BUSTY HOUSEWIVES #2
LATINAS LIKE IT HARD!
AMATEUR BEACH SLUTS
I NEED IT BLACK #8
I CAN'T BELIEVE I TOOK THE WHOLE THING #16

Check with your cable or satellite television provider to see if it offers HUSTLER TV.

Missy Stone takes the heat in *This Ain't Hell's Kitchen XXX*.

Big top: Madison Scott and her pals heat up the ***Hardcore Circus.***

Lilly Lovely believes every ***Circus*** *needs a midget fluffer.*



Hardcore pussy Audrey Hollander can't be tamed.

Hardcore Circus

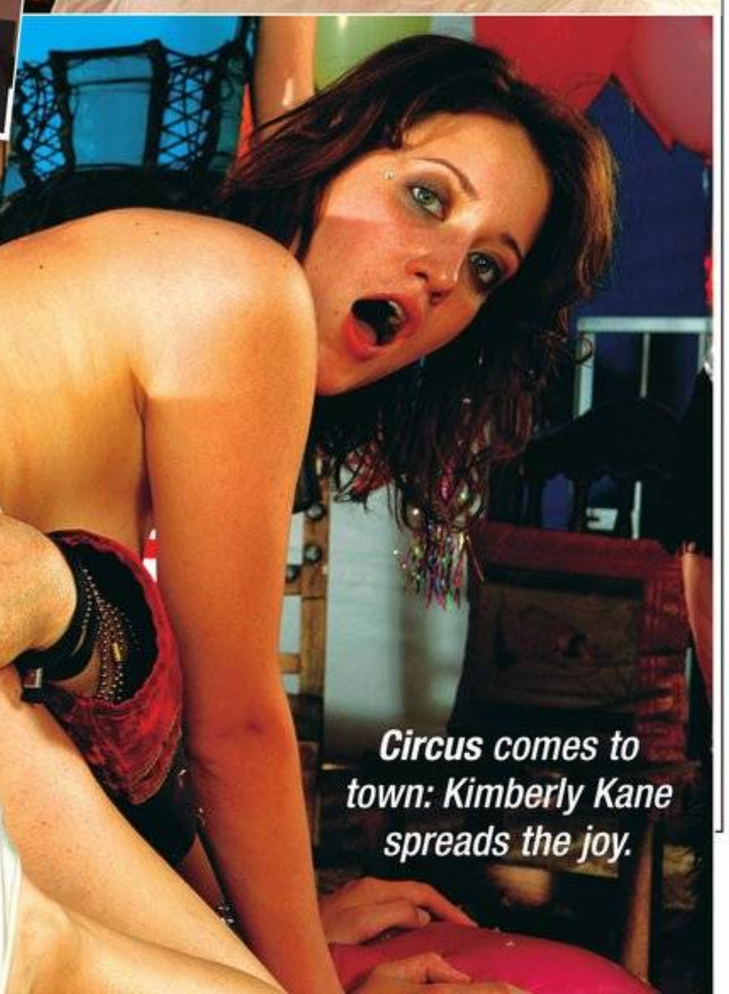
CHEEKY MONKEY PRODUCTIONS/LFP VIDEO. DIRECTOR: ERICA McLEAN. STARRING: AUDREY HOLLANDER, KIMBERLY KANE, LAVISH STYLES, MADISON SCOTT, KENDRA BANX, AIDEN STARR, BLUE IRIS, TERE JOYCE, LILLY LOVELY, NAUGHTY STARRI, OTTO BAUER, TOMMY GUNN, MIKE, RON JEREMY, SERGIO ROHO, ROB ROTTEN, EVAN STONE, LEE STONE & GUESTS.

Porn's a freaking circus all right, but this movie is about the good ol' traditional kind, where everybody gets to bang the hot trapeze girl. This lavish costume extravaganza starts off with director Erica McLean hassled by anti-porn goons, then slipping on a puddle of lube and falling into a big top dream world where everybody loves her. Some highlights: acrobat Madison Scott does a balancing act with her pussy on the strongman's face, wildcat Audrey Hollander gets cockwhipped by the lion tamer, ballerina Kimberly Kane sucks off the ringmaster, and lovely assistant Lavish Styles seduces the magician. The finale is an off-the-wall meeting of sideshow types that pushes the sex into bizzaroland just before the circus director wakes up. Watch for a cameo by late *Howard Stern Show* regular Blue Iris. *Hardcore Circus* is a candy-colored trip inside Ms. McLean's beautifully warped mind. Luckily for us, it's filthy in there. ***—M.J.***

EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT

*Aiden Starr is a one-woman three-ring **Circus**.*

Blue Iris relishes her farewell role.



__Circus__ comes to town: Kimberly Kane spreads the joy.

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OUR EXCELLENCE RESTS IN THE DETAILS...

ELIZABETH

A Little Love

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

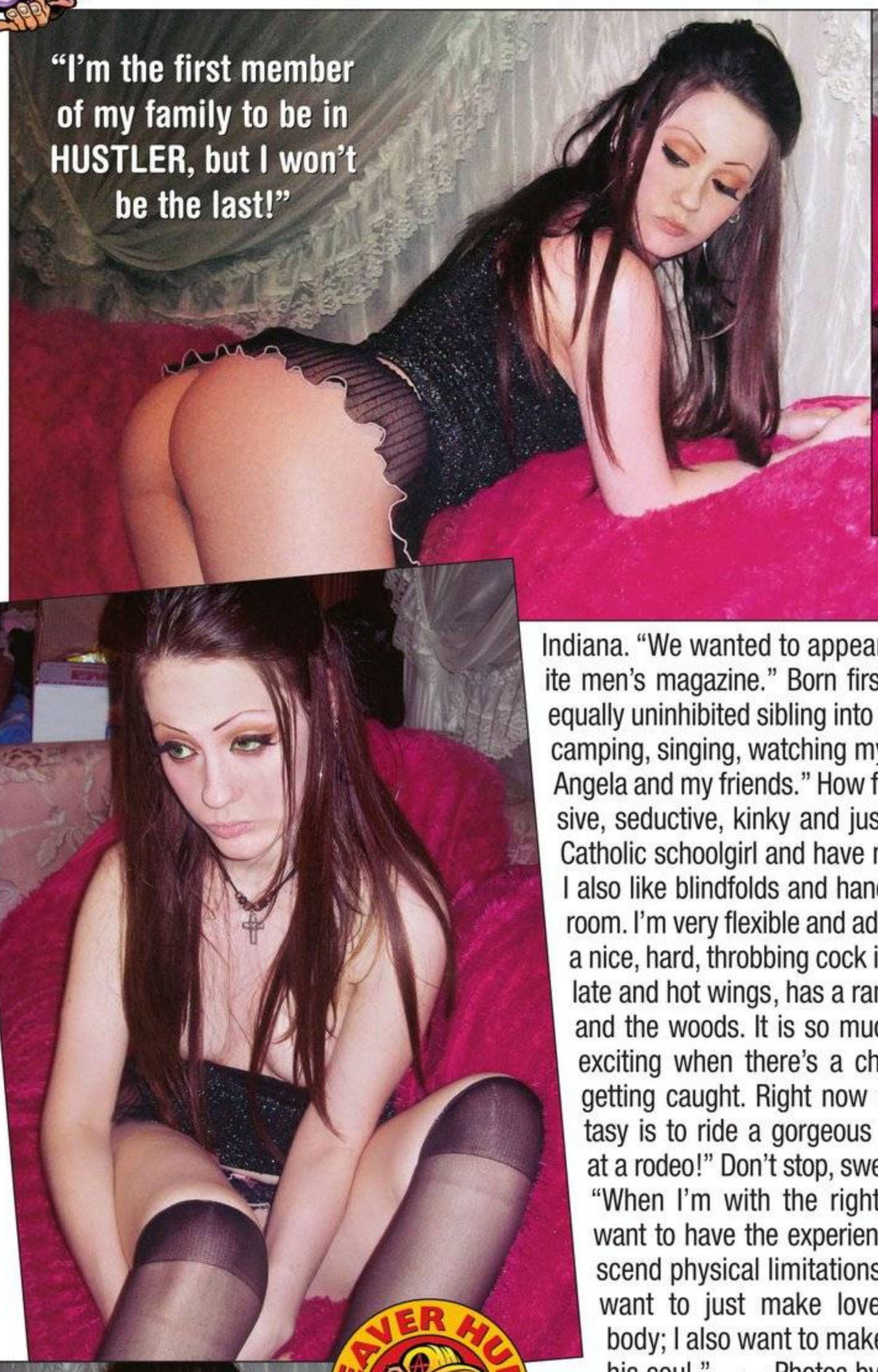
I'm pretty aggressive when it comes to sex," growls the petite princess known only as **Elizabeth**. "I usually have to make the first move because guys never hit on me. They just assume I'm kind of innocent. Nothing could be further from the truth. Sure, I may look like the girl-next-door, but I'm the kind who'll hop over your fence to have sex with you right in your backyard!"

Elizabeth is as fearless as she is seductive. "I love having sex in public places," she fesses up. "A lot of guys aren't that adventurous. They're afraid of getting caught. For me, that's the exciting part. I love wondering if someone is going to catch me in the act. Thinking about that makes me come pretty quick."

Gracing our pages has the little filly tickled pink. “Being in HUSTLER is so cool,” **Elizabeth** coos. “Seriously, you have no idea how many of my girlfriends are totally jealous that I got to do this. It’s a pretty big deal that a gal who grew up in a small Texas town gets to be naked in the greatest magazine ever published. Thanks, Larry Flynt, for making my day!”

ELIZABETH'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Houston | AGE: 22 | BIRTH SIGN: Virgo | HEIGHT: 5-0

See **Elizabeth** get it in *Barely Legal #95* from
HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464
or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.



AMBER

"My twin sister Angela and I like to try new things and take chances," asserts this 23-year-old poet from Morgantown, Indiana. "We wanted to appear nude in HUSTLER because we wanted to be a part of our favorite men's magazine." Born first and the first to lose her virginity, Amber has now preceded her equally uninhibited sibling into *Beaver Hunt* glory. Kicking off, the 5-foot-5 Hoosier relates, "I enjoy camping, singing, watching my fave TV shows—*90210* and *Supernatural*—and having fun with Angela and my friends." How friendly is Amber? "Depending on my mood, I'm bi, aggressive, passive, seductive, kinky and just crazy and wild sometimes," she articulates. "I'll dress up like a Catholic schoolgirl and have my partner be the priest.'Punish me!' I'll beg. 'I've been a bad girl!' I also like blindfolds and handcuffs, and I can do some gymnastics, which is helpful in the bedroom. I'm very flexible and adventurous. I have the hots for girls, but my best orgasms come with a nice, hard, throbbing cock in my kitty." Amber, who disdains backdoor entry but craves chocolate and hot wings, has a rambunctious mating hunger: "I've had sex in cars, public rest rooms and the woods. It is so much more exciting when there's a chance of getting caught. Right now my fantasy is to ride a gorgeous cowboy at a rodeo!" Don't stop, sweetheart! "When I'm with the right man, I want to have the experience transcend physical limitations. I don't want to just make love to his body; I also want to make love to his soul." —Photos by Mother

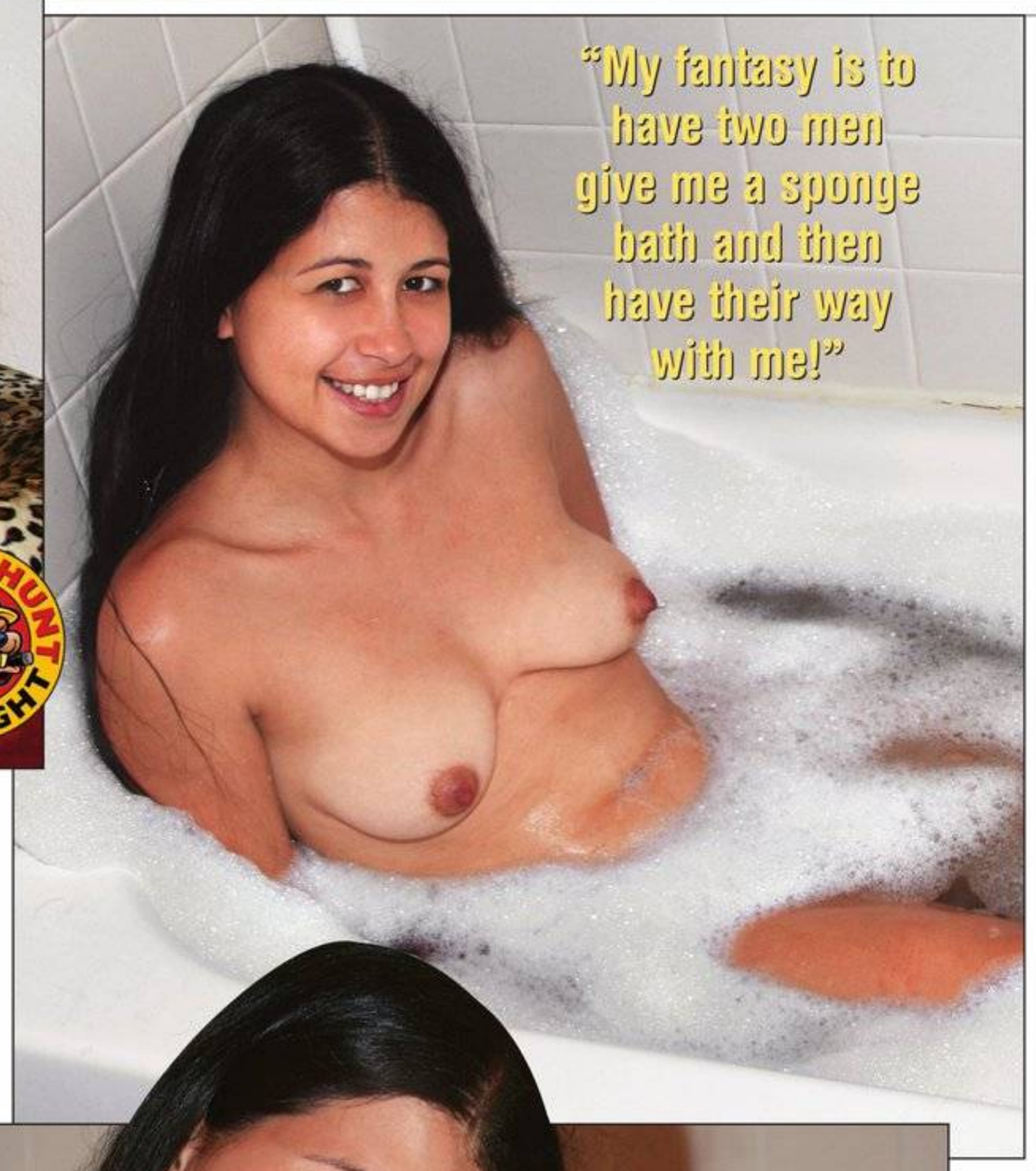
BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

TRICIA

"I wish I'd modeled nude sooner," muses this "laid-back" cosmetologist from Hewitt, Texas. "But only never is too late." Thirty-seven and well-rounded in every sense, Tricia is into "horses, scary movies, Italian food, networking, CNN, Nancy Grace's talk show, self-help books, Bam Margera [the *Jackass* skateboarder], toys and great sex with my fiancé—lots of it!" Toots Tricia, "I'm much more bubbly and bouncy when my clothes come off. I'm aggressive in bed, and I really like giving and getting head. I'm not into girls, but I sure love anal sex." The 5-foot-5 bombshell's fantasy is unafraido alfresco: "I want to be fucked in the ass on my roof during a big ol' thunderstorm!"—Photos by Friend

MORIANNA MORGUE

This self-described "freaky nympho hippie" from Bloomington, Indiana, has deservedly attained goddess status as a *Beaver Hunt* legacy, Insane Clown Posse Juggalette and Internet eye candy. Now Morianna Morgue, 22, returns with a fresh batch of pics and bitchin' news. "I constantly think about rolling around in blood naked, and I love being choked when I'm fucking," the 5-foot-4 "*GTA*, cocksucking and anal sex" acolyte gushes. "So get this: I am totally going to be in a horror movie and die horribly in an awesome way. A serial killer turns a college town upside down by murdering beautiful Webcam girls, and I'm one of them. Look for me in *Lethal Obsession*, coming—man, I just love that word—this fall from Darkrider Filmworks. I'm so excited!" It took a spell, but Hollywood has finally discovered that Morianna is drop-dead gorgeous and talented. Congrats, beautiful! —Photos by Lady Friend



BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

SARAH

"I wanted to try nude modeling and feel what it was like" is Sarah's take on sending pics to *Real College Girls* a few years back while attending the University of Texas at El Paso. Now the "easygoing, fun and loving" denizen of Kula, Hawaii, has graduated to Beaverdom as a stay-at-home mom celebrating her 24th birthday in October. "My man is cool with this," affirms the 5-foot-2 "hula dancing fanatic," whose other joys include "the beach, ATVs, Japanese food, reading, TV's *CSI* and shopping." As for her fave pastime—sex—Sarah confides, "I'm straight and open to anything. I really love giving head, doggy-style and having my breasts pinched and lightly bitten. They're incredibly sensitive!" The bodacious pixie's terrain also boasts a robust booty—"It's my best feature!"—and the rarely seen bush. "I'm a natural girl," Sarah coos. "I just didn't want to get into the habit of having to shave my kittykat all the time." —Photos by Friend

CHRISSY

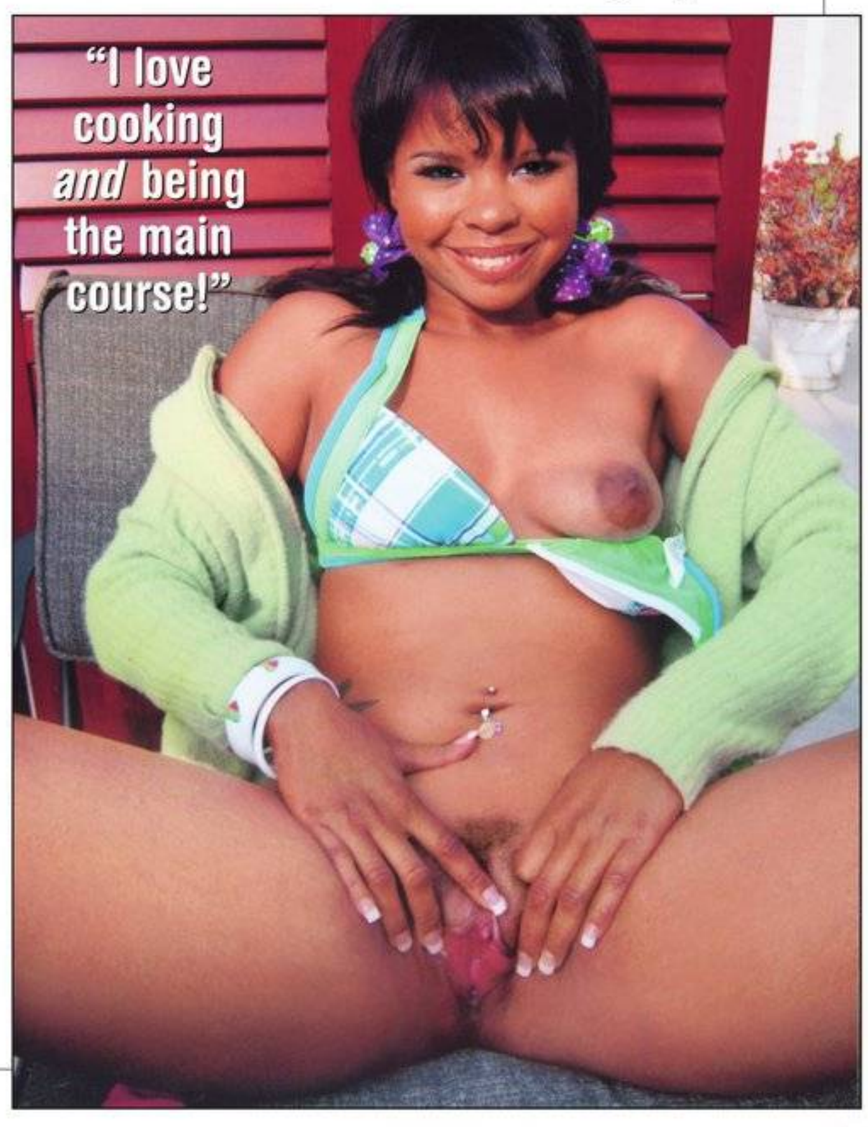
Blowing out 42 birthday candles in October is this "happy, caring" housewife out of Campbell Hall, New York. "Summers are short in the Northeast," Chrissy notes, "so I try to lay out by the pool as much as possible. The sun on my naked body is the next best thing to having sex with me on top!" The 5-foot-7 *Rescue Me* gal—who's also partial to "giving head, doggy-style and anal every so often"—owns up, "I'm not ashamed to show myself off. That's why I love going to Hedonism [a Caribbean nude resort] with my husband. He loves when men and women look at me. He also loves watching me have sex with other guys. Loves it! Our sex life is very active and experimental." Chrissy, whose musical tastes are rock and country, entertains a "having hot sex with Bon Jovi" fantasy. —Photos by Husband

MARY JANE

"I love being naked outdoors and baring it all for the camera," professes this "fun and straight" housewife from Ocean Shores, Washington. Born in '69 and preferring to be shorn down below, Mary Jane marvels, "I love the beach, with the wind blowing through my hair and sand all over my body." But the 5-foot-6 Apple Stater, who's also keen on sewing and painting, is only warming up. "I like to have sex at least once a day if not twice," she reveals, "and I'm up for the whole thing. It keeps my guy happy—me too! At 39 I'm like a fine wine that gets better with age." Mary Jane, a *King of Queens* loyalist, yearns "to have sex in front of a crowd at a nude resort." —Photos by Husband

JESSE

"I get off big-time having men fantasizing about me," declares this future chef from Texas, who's temporarily holing up in Ontario, California, and perpetually a tempting morsel. "Besides," Jesse reckons, "I won't be 21 forever, so I wanted to have some naked pictures to look back on." Feeding horndogs' lurid appetites, the 5-foot-4 skateboarding and bicycling enthusiast dishes out her carnal menu: "I'm really into fellatio, cunnilingus and rough sex!" Jesse, who's usually nude while serving meals to her beau, dreams of "being eaten out on our table at a four-star restaurant." —Photos by Boyfriend



BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

DANA

"I wanted to try something new," chirps this "ambitious, energetic and outgoing" 18-year-old from Kapaa, Hawaii. "What the hell? Guys getting turned on is a turn-on for me. I enjoy the attention and making dicks stand at attention." A freshman at hottie-laden Maui Community College, Dana is studying to be a dental assistant, but in the meantime the 5-foot-7 surfing, kayaking and skinny-dipping aficionada is up for showing way more than Jessica Alba in the neophyte model's favorite dentist flick, *Good Luck Chuck*—above all, her spiffy genital cavity. As for filling it, reggae and punk rock devotee Dana exults, "I absolutely love sex! I'm up for anything, but doggy-style always gets me off. Being energetic and romantic, I'm good in bed. Everyone wants seconds—even girls! Yes, I'm bi. I've had a few threesomes. I also masturbate pretty often—once a day depending on what's happening. I keep myself happy." Something else would make Dana ecstatic: "One of my fantasies is to watch my best friend having sex with a guy." —Photos by Friend

"I love being a dirty girl."

One of Renee's fave books is *Traci Lords: Underneath It All*, but this waitress from North Miami Beach, Florida, waited much longer to show it all in a skin mag. "I'd never posed nude before," avows the "wild and submissive" 36-year-old, a cooking buff who touts her "secret recipe for fried chicken" and isn't chicken about disclosing intimate nuggets. "I'm mostly into beautiful girls," Renee admits, "but I haven't cut guys totally off. As my amazed photographer found out, I'm really good at giving head." The 5-foot-3 *Will & Grace* fan, who dreams of "having sex with Karen and two other girls at the same time," also savors masturbating and limited backdoor penetration. "Toys can go in my asshole," Renee points out, "but not a cock." Even so, by willingly getting butt naked, this roundup's appetizing bookend has us saying grace. —Photos by Friend

WIN BIG BUCKS!

ARE YOU AN AMATEUR EXHIBITIONIST 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER?

If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* and *Real College Girls* competitions want you! Every gal whose images are printed in HUSTLER Magazine gets $250 and a chance at posing for a layout worth $2,500. All lensmen of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* or *Real College Girls* are entitled to a 12-issue subscription to HUSTLER. If interested, fill out the model release below and provide the requisite documentation and pics. We hope to see you here soon.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter, you must be 18 years of age or older at the time the photographs, transparencies or digital images are taken, and you must fill out and send this entire release and a **legible COLOR photocopy of a valid government-issued driver's license, passport or state ID card** (with photo, date of birth and signature). Provide photocopy, not original. All entries must include at least six sharply focused color prints, transparencies or digital images. All photos become the unreturnable property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we purchase. Send photos, identification and this release with all information requested to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

Please Print

Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

Name to be published | Date images were produced (month/date/year)

Date of birth | Model's Social Security number | Occupation

Telephone (include area code) | Personal e-mail address

Address

City | State | Zip

Real College Girls applicants: check box below. ☐

Hobbies/personal interests/sexual fantasies (list on separate sheet of paper)

Warning: Anyone falsely signing this release form other than the model or photographer described herein may be subject to monetary damages and/or prosecution. The undersigned hereby declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information set forth is true and correct.

I hereby declare that I am the individual depicted in the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted with this model release/entry form and that I was at least eighteen (18) years of age at the time I posed for the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted herewith. I authorize LFP Publishing Group, LLC to disclose this information as required by law.

Model's legal signature (each individual pictured must provide entry form) | Date (month/date/year)

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AMATEUR MODEL'S PHOTOGRAPHER: _____(PRINT NAME)

I declare that I am the sole photographer of the Image(s) submitted herewith; I own all intellectual property rights in the Image(s); I submit the Image(s) for consideration for publication in HUSTLER Magazine. If any Image(s) so submitted are published in HUSTLER Magazine, or are instead posted on the BeaverHunt.com Internet Web site operated by LFP Internet Group, LLC, or its affiliates, licensees or assigns, then I hereby grant worldwide reproduction, exhibition and display rights in all media and in perpetuity in all Images so submitted, published or posted, including the right to alter or edit said Images, to LFP Publishing Group, LLC and its affiliates, licensees and assigns.

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Note: Prize money sent to model only.

Sweet In

DECEMBER 1976

HUSTLER CLASSIC

spiration

CANDY

When you've got a beautiful model who exudes sex in every photograph, and who, coincidentally, has the same name as a popular actress and a luscious confection, it's hard to refrain from writing "What a Clark Bar!" Or to refrain from asking our readers if they wouldn't like to peel off **Candy Clark**'s sexy black wrapping and get down to a blond-covered treat.

When **Candy** told us that her approach to sex involves "loving and giving all," well, that can only mean sweet surrender. It's one of the first things that popped into our mouths…er, heads. **Candy** also said her love is given to one man only, which made us wonder what was so special about *his* sweet tooth.

Although she's interested in only one man, we thought of saying many men are after her soft, creamy center. Then we considered adding that those men would want to sample her sweet and sticky lips. We thought we might also point out that her steady guy should share his **Candy**.

But as you can see, we decided to abandon the confectionary images in favor of a straightforward approach.

COMING NEXT

A DAY IN THE LIFE: PORN STAR KAYDEN KROSS

Thanks to her to-die-for looks, boundless sexual fervor and emotional bond with her fans, Kayden Kross has become one of the most popular actresses in the XXX biz. Journalist M. Allen Nathan tags along as Kayden holds court with a flock of admirers, then hosts a Webcam show that literally ends with a bang.

NOT THE COSBYS XXX

TV's cleanest family just got filthy. Released to a storm of controversy, the latest spoof from X-Play and our own LFP Video is topping the charts. America couldn't wait to see Denise finally lose her sweet black cherry! We got the hottest pixxx and a candid chat with director Will Ryder.

PHIL HENDERSON'S UNBELIEVABLY BODACIOUS BOOTY BABES

Artist Phil Henderson is so obsessed with outrageously proportioned women that he drew enough of them to fill an entire book. It's titled *Extreme Curves*, and a bevy of his jaw-dropping ladies literally round out our upcoming issue.

PAUL CRAIG ROBERTS: SAVE THE DOLLAR, NOT THE BANKS!

Besides outlining what really triggered the current financial crisis, economist Paul Craig Roberts—an assistant secretary of the Treasury during the Reagan Administration—offers sage advice on how to avert a worse disaster. By continuing to import more than it exports and wasting money on "pointless wars," he warns, America could become as destitute as a Third World country. Interview by Mark Johnson.

ASHLEYMADISON.COM: PROFITING FROM ADULTERY

"Life is short—have an affair" is the mantra of the Ashley Madison Agency, an online dating service catering to men and women who want to cheat on their loved ones. Freelance writer Rhonda Baughman not only signed up, but also chatted with the brains behind the lucrative operation.

DAN COLLINS: NO SACRED COWS

Without an outlet for his sick and twisted mind, there's no telling where Dan Collins would have wound up. Now one of America's premier cartoonists, he has been amusing our readers virtually since he graduated from college in the '70s. Dan views sex, religion and politics—but not through rose-colored glasses.

MIA PRESLEY

The November '09 issue on sale September 1, 2009. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.